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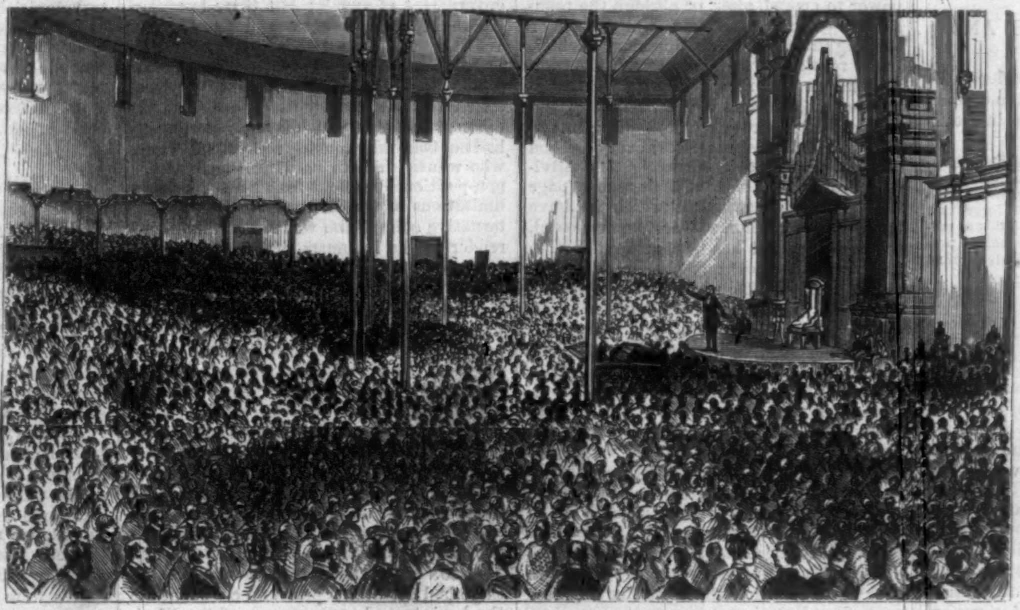
BURNING OF THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

THE Brooklyn Tabernacle, belonging to the church of which the Rev. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., is pastor, was totally destroyed by fire on Sunday, December 22, just before the usual hour for morning service. The fire was discovered by the assistant sexton in the flue at the southeast corner of the front vestibule of the church. He immediately rang the bell, while the sexton started for the house of Mr. CORWIN, one of the trustees, opposite the church. These, with others who had run in, began to fight the fire with pails of water and a small hose, but the flames increased and worked up rapidly. They then set about removing things from the church, carrying out the books, cushions, stools, and nearly every thing portable.



THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE—INTERIOR VIEW.

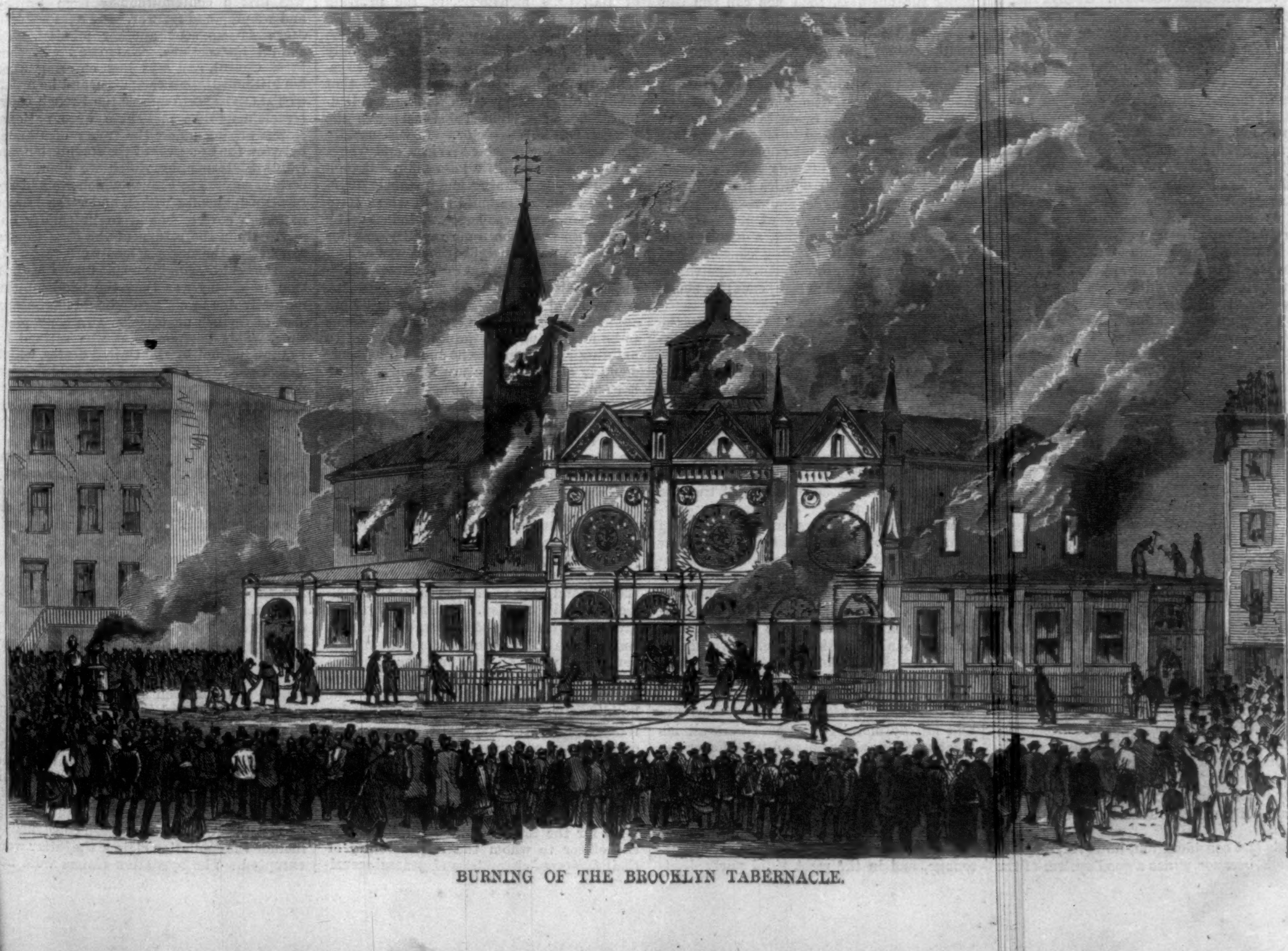
There was some delay in sending word to the Fire Department, and before the fire-engines were brought to the spot the flames had spread from the vestibule into the auditorium. They ran up the walls and along the ceiling, and the whole interior was soon enveloped. The windows being mainly in the upper walls, the firemen could only bring streams to bear directly on a small portion of the burning building through the few which opened on the roofs of the single-storied corner wings. The effect of these streams was slight, however, and the firemen were only able to confine the flames to the interior. The roof fell in early, and the flames rose through the opening with great fierceness, so that serious apprehensions were entertained for some time of their spreading with the wind and causing an extensive conflagration. This was happily averted, however, by the exertions of the firemen, who kept the neighboring buildings saturated with water.

In less than an hour from the time the alarm was sounded the church was utterly demolished, scarcely a vestige of the iron walls remaining to mark the place where it stood. It may appear strange that an iron structure should be so quickly and completely burned, but this is easily explained by the structure of the church. The Tabernacle was constructed about two years ago with a wooden frame, sheathed within and without with corrugated iron, here and there filled in with brick. A solid brick wall formed the rear. The main part was nearly circular, with small, low wings at either corner in front, and an ornamental projection forming the main vestibule. The external appearance of the structure was unique for a church, but rather attractive. The auditorium was very large, and was capable of seating about 3000 persons, with standing room for 500 more. All the internal fittings, including a number of strong columns, were of inflammable material, and served well to feed the flames. In fact, there appears to have been very little about the building that did not burn readily, except the iron shell, which protected rather than hindered the fire. The furnace flues were of tin incased in boxes of wood.

The organ, which was built for the first Boston Jubilee in 1869, was destroyed. It is said to have cost originally $25,000, but was purchased by Mr. TALMAGE'S congregation for $7000. Various alterations, however, were found necessary, and were made at an expense of $5000.

Before the fire was subdued the trustees of the church received friendly messages from other churches offering them the use of their edifices for evening worship. The pastor of Plymouth Church was first in the field, and his offer was gratefully accepted. For the present the Brooklyn Academy of Music will be used by the Tabernacle congregation as a place of worship while their church is rebuilding.

We give on this page a view of the exterior and one of the interior of the Tabernacle. It was one of the best buildings in the country for speaking and hearing, and was unsurpassed in its arrangements for seating a large congregation. Miss CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, who read in



BURNING OF THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

it a short time ago, and all speakers who have tried it, have expressed the opinion that it could not have been improved in its acoustic properties. An ordinary conversational tone reached every person in the house.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1873.

CIRCULATION 164,000.

☞ WITH this Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY is sent out gratuitously an EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing further installments of CHARLES READE'S fascinating story, "THE WANDERING HEIR," and "BREAD-AND-CHEESE AND KISSES," by B. L. FARJEON.

THE PUBLIC BUSINESS AND PARTY.

THE Chicago *Inter-Ocean* misunderstands us, and is very naturally of the opinion that we misunderstand it. It says, in speaking of the civil service reform:

> "The President will be sustained in his determination that, *other things being equal*, the men who stood by the party shall be appointed in preference to those who have been opposed to it. We do not 'forget that the Republican platform demands the abolition of patronage;' but we do not conclude thence that the profession of Republicanism is to be discriminated against in the distribution of offices."

And again:

> "Discrimination against the members of one's own party, when that party is in the majority, and hence must be considered as in the right, is a species of ingratitude which may find place in a 'system,' but the 'system' will find only cold and selfish men to apply it to public affairs."

The only "determination" of the President upon this subject that we know is that officially declared by him, and we do not understand why the *Inter-Ocean* prefers to his own words an irresponsible anonymous statement in a newspaper. But its own words are a very distinct assertion that if there are as good and fit men in the Republican party for the offices as in the Democratic, they ought to be appointed in preference to Democrats. Of course if the Democratic party should come into power, it would reason in the same way; and as the *Inter-Ocean* truly says that the offices "belong to nobody of right," that party would say that the profession of Democracy should not be discriminated against, and if the Democratic party furnished as fit candidates as the Republican, they should have the preference.

Now what we say is that this is the doctrine that to the victors belong the spoils. But the *Inter-Ocean* denies it. It says that it does not assert, as we alleged, that party and political considerations ought to be "vital." Does it not? It says that, other things being equal, party considerations should decide. But there can be no doubt whatever that each party can furnish plenty of candidates who are, technically and otherwise, capable of filling the offices. Other things, then, are equal, and therefore the party consideration decides, and is vital. Or, again, if the *Inter-Ocean* means only that when the actual applicants for any position prove to be of about equal excellence the choice should fall upon those of the dominant party, how many applicants of the other party does it think would ever appear? In other words, if party considerations are to have any weight, does the *Inter-Ocean* doubt that they would be controlling? For why should they be introduced at all if they are not to control? It can only be because they have some necessary relation to the service, and, if so, as that relation is nothing that concerns the actual duties, it must concern the spirit in which they are performed, and that ought to be a controlling consideration. In any fair view, therefore, if party considerations are to be admitted, they must be supreme. The party that obtains power should fill the offices with its own members. To the victors belong the spoils.

On the other hand, if the political consideration is not to control, why should it be admitted? The duty of an appraiser, for instance, is to estimate intelligently and honestly the value of goods; that of an invoice clerk, to copy invoices; that of a cashier, to receive money. Does a man know more of woolens, or is he a better accountant, because he is a Republican or a Democrat, or because he approves or opposes the Indian policy of the Government? Clearly the political consideration has no direct connection with the duty of the office. Why, then, is it urged? Simply for the old reason that nobody will do the hard work of a party in the campaign if there are to be no rewards of place. To the victors belong the spoils.

This last consideration, however, disposes of itself, because, under a good system of the service, both parties, so far as interested working is concerned, would be equal. Yet, once more, if patronage be really indispensable to carrying on a government by party, the political element of appointments ought to be the most important. For there are but two principles of conducting the public business. One is that it shall be managed as all other business is, and the other is that it shall be a political and party machine. If the former system be adopted, political considerations are wholly impertinent. If the latter, they are vital and paramount. When, therefore, the *Inter-Ocean* proposes that they shall not be excluded, it proposes that they shall control. In other words, it proposes substantially the present system.

The *Inter-Ocean* remarks that if we consider the rules to be "absolutely perfect," it must decline further controversy. On the contrary, we agree with the President and with both reports of the Commissioners, that the rules are merely tentative. The President, under the law, has, as he says, full power to amend, alter, or abridge the regulations—of course not with the purpose of evading them, but of securing more efficiently the result at which they aim. The rules themselves authorize the Advisory Board to propose amendments to the President; and the original report (page 22) says, "Experience will doubtless show how every method of reform may be improved." The Advisory Board at the close of their report (page 13) say, "The regulations which we have the honor to recommend are experimental, and we shall not hesitate, in obedience to the rule, to suggest any change or modification of them which may prove to be desirable." The *Inter-Ocean* proposes an amendment that political and party considerations be introduced among the qualifications. But as the present evil practice began by that very introduction, in consequence of which the service has been so prostituted that the country demands and the President promises reform, we do not think it would be wise to declare as a principle that which as a practice has been so pernicious. Nor does this seem to us to show, as the *Inter-Ocean* suggests, either that we consider the Commissioners "infallible" or the rules "absolutely perfect." It shows only our conviction that to cover a cancer with clean linen is not to cure it.

POLITICIANS.

IN his spirited and excellent remarks at the New England dinner Mr. BEECHER is reported to have said: "When you can run a manufactory with all the trained operatives turned out and young workmen put in, when you can run commerce with all the wise old merchants on one side and the inexperienced clerks on the other side managing the business, then you can run this complicated government of the United States by excluding politicians. You ought to exclude poor ones, as you would exclude poor materials in every-day life; but the government must be conducted by men who study government—men who are not amateurs, but who make it the business of life." The word politician is used in this extract in a strict, but not in its most familiar sense. A politician is, in the orator's view, a person who is familiar with politics in the larger sense, as, to a certain degree, every American ought to be. But the word generally describes a trader in politics, a man who is actively engaged in running caucuses and conventions, not for intelligent and patriotic, but for personal and selfish, ends: in short, a bummer.

Now the noble army of bummers are the pest and peril of politics. Their only principle is to keep the party in power. That, indeed, is often a very good and necessary thing to do; but such gentlemen rely not upon the actual but the factitious supports of a party. The ways and means of the lobby, patronage, corruption, panderings, and appeals to every kind of miserable motive, are the usual expedients of "practical politicians." But the real facts of the case always escape them. They are very contemptuous of visionaries, and are of opinion that a man who does not believe all other men to be either knaves or fools is an incomprehensible milksop. The political bummer is a man who despises history, and delights to call himself a practical man of experience; and because there are men who know books and nothing else, he winkingly concludes that to know books is to be ignorant of life.

It is this kind of politician who is in stupid ignorance of the fact that parties rise and fall by moral causes, and that all his machinery of patronage and trick never has saved a party, and never can save one. The old Democratic party in this country was intrenched in popular tradition, in the strongest prejudices of race, in the conservatism of trade, in religious superstition, in social pride, in the most unscrupulous use of patronage, and in the most rigid party discipline. All of them together could not save it. The Democratic party had become a corrupt league for an inhuman purpose, and at the end of the President's term it will have been thrust from power for sixteen years. Similar intrenchments would not help the Republican party whenever a similar conviction took possession of the national mind. Let it be once sincerely and generally believed that "politicians" control the party, that the reform of the civil service is only a fine brag, that the great promises and principles of the party are forgotten, and that it is a mere corrupt conspiracy for power, as the Democratic party was, and it would meet the same doom. The real power of the party would secede as the Whig power seceded from the Whig organization in 1855, and became the controlling element of a triumphant movement.

It is this trust in trick and patronage, and the theory that every body is a scoundrel, which makes the "politicians" so pernicious. You can't, indeed, as the orator says, have a government of angels; but there is still a choice between HARLEY and GLADSTONE. When General GRANT was elected in 1868, he hoped, Mr. BEECHER says, to wipe out the great mass of the politicians. It is very possible that the necessary conditions of a government by party, which is our government, had not been fully considered by him. Those who wanted him to be what they called a non-political President forgot the necessary limitations of the Executive. But the alternative offered him was not absolute surrender to the bummers, or total failure: it was a compromise. And it was a compromise which the President accepted. The choice always open to a President is that of the best among the various counsels of his party. Mr. BEECHER says that it is a mischievous impression that this government can be run by the common people, and the politicians kicked out. Undoubtedly he means that we can not safely kick out experience, good sense, and sagacity, and he is right.

But it is a great mistake to suppose that General GRANT was renominated or re-elected by the politicians. They did neither the one nor the other. What did TYLER and JOHNSON effect with the patronage? If there had not been a profound confidence in the honesty and pure purpose of the President, he would not have been renominated. The "common people" nominated and elected him and support him to-day, not because of the "politicians," but in despite of them. And just in the degree that the President is thought to be under their control will his hold upon the national heart be relaxed.

FIRE AND FOLLY.

THE burning of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, of BARNUM'S menagerie, of the printing house in Centre Street, and of innumerable other buildings in every part of the country, designed for every kind of purpose, only more fully illustrates the fact that our system of building is most perilous, and that what is called "inspection" is simply ridiculous. The Brooklyn Tabernacle was the largest hall in that city. It was usually crowded at the regular services, and would have been so at a little later hour. It took fire early in the morning, and instantly shriveled and fell. The building in which BARNUM'S menagerie was kept was licked up by the flames with the same rapidity, and for a time the whole neighborhood was endangered. The tragedy in Centre Street immediately followed.

The moral of all this and the remedy are evident, but the most fiery emphasis seems to be unavailing. If the laws in regard to building are not stringent enough, let some member of the Legislature thunder and labor until they are. If the system of inspection is inadequate, let a similar course be taken. And if the inspector or superintendent is inefficient, let him be removed. This, we say, is the palpable remedy. Every body will agree, and every body will then smile. It is easy for newspapers to denounce negligence and demand care. 'Tis as easy as censuring vice and extolling virtue. But to call upon the Legislature for serious practical preventive legislation against fatally flimsy and reckless building is useless until it is the demand of a resolute, positive, and effective public opinion. When a railroad is projected which is to strike straight through comfortable houses, the owners combine and personally visit Albany, and their remonstrance is effectual. And when public opinion with equal earnestness demands safe buildings, we shall have them, and not before. Newspapers may write picturesquely of "horrors" and "holocausts" and "carnivals of fire," but that will be the end of the matter until the city is as determined to have safe buildings as it was to destroy the Ring.

As for the Superintendent of Buildings, the officer to whom the responsibility of their fire-proof character and general security is committed by the public, he is reported as saying that he disapproved the erection of such buildings as the Brooklyn Tabernacle, which are wooden frames so sheathed with iron that when the wood takes fire water can not possibly reach it. But he added that the insurance companies did not condemn them: and what an opposition he would encounter if he should—do his duty! That, of course, is conclusive. The public choosing to take the chance of roasting, why should he interfere? Indeed, this worthy superintendent—if he be correctly reported, and his very words are quoted, as taken down in an interview—seems to be a fair representative of public opinion, which also disapproves man-traps, and also permits them to be built. If the public really meant that buildings should be fire-proof and otherwise safe, it would dispense with the further services of this superintendent, and replace him by one who would disapprove to some purpose, and despise the opposition to his disapproval. As the character of the laws represents the general morality and wisdom of the people, so the efficiency of the officers shows the general interest in their execution. Our late history illustrates this truth in many ways; and we repeat that when there is sufficient interest in honest building we shall build honestly—and not until then.

THE FRENCH CLAIMS.

THE French claims, as they are called, have reappeared in Congress. They are one of the most familiar subjects of Congressional attention, yet the facts themselves are not familiar. Once more the Foreign Committee of the Senate demand that they be paid. There has been, however, no new elaborate report, and none is needed, for that of Mr. SUMNER, originally made to the Senate on the 4th of April, 1864, and adopted by the Foreign Committee on the 17th of January, 1870, is the most comprehensive statement and conclusive argument of the question.

The claims are for spoliations upon our commerce before the year 1800, and are individual, not national, claims. Of the losses themselves there is no question. France and England were at war. The United States were a weak neutral. At first the wrongs were called by the French government losses produced by "circumstances inseparable from a great revolution." But there was jealousy of American feeling for England, and when the JAY treaty was published the jealousy became anger, and a series of unjust French edicts, at war with the law of nations, devoted the ships and commerce of the United States to the navy and privateers of France.

Two special missions were sent by this country to arrange the difficulty. The first was driven contemptuously from France, and we prepared for war. In 1799 President JOHN ADAMS sent another mission, with careful instructions. NAPOLEON was then First Consul, and was just entering upon his brilliant Italian campaign, and he ordered TALLEYRAND to oppose the French counter-claims to ours. These were national claims arising under the treaty of alliance between the Congress of the Revolution and LOUIS Sixteenth, by which we guaranteed certain succors to France which we had not furnished, and for which, under the law of nations, we were bound to indemnify our ally. Upon the return of the First Consul from Italy the negotiations were renewed; but the best attainable result upon the question of claims was that the "indemnities mutually due or claimed" should be the subject of further negotiation at a convenient time. This postponement was ratified by France, but not by the United States, which struck out the article, and this modification was mutually agreed to, with the further express condition that "the two states renounce the respective pretensions which are the object of the said article."

This mutual release left the government of the United States, as the complete substitute for France, as responsible debtor to its own citizens who had suffered. It was simply saying that if France would release this government from the consequences of the violated guarantee, the government would secure France from the further claims of American citizens by itself assuming their settlement. That the claims were not extinguished by the transaction is clear upon every ground of equity, policy, public law, constitutional provision, and the consent of the highest authorities. Moreover, the claims had not been annulled by war, nor were they embraced in the Louisiana Convention of 1803. The convention of 1800 discriminated expressly between the claims arising from capture or confiscation and proper "debts;" and as the Louisiana Convention, which stipulated to pay "all debts due by either government to the individuals of the other," might have been construed to include the spoliation claims, the latter were excepted. The spoliation claims were not

embraced in the convention of 1831 with Louis Philippe, because that of 1800 had already released France from responsibility for them. The question was, however, raised. One hundred and five cases were submitted to the board, and were all rejected upon the ground that the vessels were captured before the 30th of September, 1800.

The honorable obligation of the government is plain. The claims have not been suffered to sleep. Continuously for seventy years they have been urged upon Congress and the country. Forty-three reports have been submitted, and every report, with the exception of those in 1818, 1822, and 1824, has been favorable. Twice Congress has ordered justice to be done, and twice the President—Polk in 1846, and Pierce in 1855—has vetoed the law. The original claimants have disappeared. But the claims remain. There is no statute of limitations between nations. Justice can not be outlawed, and in deciding to pay the claimants Congress will but perform a long-deferred duty.

THE WORLD'S FAIR OF 1873.

The Austrian "World's Fair" will be opened in the Prater, at Vienna, on the 1st of May, 1873, and it will end on the 31st of October of the same year. The co-operation of this country has been most cordially solicited, and Congress has authorized the President to name agents to represent this Government at the fair—at their own expense. Congress will doubtless also permit American inventors and artificers to forward and exhibit their productions upon the same terms. Meanwhile the President having appointed General T. B. Van Buren Commissioner-in-chief, that gentleman is busily engaged in stimulating a national interest in the subject, and a generous and valuable contribution. Such a fair, indeed, is a microcosm: it is the present condition of civilization in the world seen in little and at a glance. It is the trade fair of the Middle Ages developed into the largest and most generous uses. It has its material profit also. Nobody can doubt the pecuniary advantage to this country of the exhibition of American agricultural implements, for instance, at the London Exposition in 1851. Such a fair, in the immediate trade view, is an enormous, world-wide advertisement. The universe takes notice that M'Cormick's reapers are unsurpassed.

The chief manager of the proposed Austrian Exhibition is the Baron Schwarz-Senborn, who superintended the Austrian contributions to the great fairs of 1851 and 1862 in London, and of 1855 in Paris. He is the very man for the post to which public confidence as well as official appointment has designated him; and the most interesting point for us in the whole movement is that the baron is so especially desirous that the American school system should be most fully and intelligibly represented at the fair. For this purpose he begs that a model of one of our best school-houses, with all its details and apparatus, should be exhibited, together with the amplest statistics of every kind in regard to the working and the results of our school system. This earnest request of the Austrian manager imposes a duty upon us. It "would be a matter," he says, "of profound interest and importance not only to Austro-Hungary, but to the Eastern peoples who adjoin this empire." And the duty becomes more pressing when we reflect that it is within a very few years only that Austria has withdrawn her schools from the absolute control of the priests, and now instinctively turns to the country in which ecclesiastical interference with the schools has long been absolutely forbidden to learn the secret and the methods of its educational development.

The request of Baron Schwarz-Senborn—which is really the desire of Eastern Europe—has been warmly received by the State Department, by Mr. Jay, our minister in Austria, by Commissioner-in-chief Van Buren, and by General Eaton, the United States Commissioner of Education. General Eaton invited a conference at Washington of State and city school superintendents. Those who could not attend expressed the warmest interest in the subject, with the most cordial offers of active co-operation; and the conference provided for the collection and forwarding of statistics of all kinds, and requested that the various superintendents would send to the Bureau of Education in Washington a model of their best school building. It also requested of Congress an ample appropriation to secure the success of the educational representation. It will serve no merely private or selfish interest, but it will show the true nursery of republican and American greatness and progress. Moreover, the manifestation of the active sympathy of this country with the new educational efforts of Austria will be a fresh inspiration to the wise policy which has emancipated the schools from priestly control. There was a time when the priests were the chief scholars, and their service to education has sometimes been great. But that day is past. Where priests control the common schools they are perverted from their legitimate purpose. The religious freedom of the public schools is the palladium of political liberty. Nowhere have the schools been so free as with us, and nowhere is liberty more universal or secure. Let us answer the request of Austria in the spirit in which it is made.

GEORGE P. PUTNAM.

The death of Mr. George P. Putnam, the publisher, was very sudden. The summons found him in the midst of his many duties and cares: but he was a man whose business did not wean him from thoughts of the ever-imminent moment. Mr. Putnam was not an old man, but his business life was long, and it had brought him into very friendly relations with many of the most eminent authors of his time both in this country and in England, where he lived for some years. He published for many years the works of Irving and Cooper and Bayard Taylor, and served their interests as faithfully as his own. About twenty years ago Mr. Putnam began the magazine which bore his name, and which was so acceptable an illustration of the higher periodical literature which has now become so influential an element in popular education and entertainment. In his conduct of this work as proprietor Mr. Putnam was most thoughtful and generous, and he took a just pride in its good name.

His unselfish spirit and his liberal devotion to public objects, which sometimes outran public sympathy and support, brought him troubles, which, however, never cast the least shadow upon his honorable character. Indeed, those who have been associated with him either in his special business or in any of the good enterprises of literature and art in which he was always so interested and so ready to do more than his share, remember with admiration and gratitude the unfailing freshness of his sympathy, the beauty of his refined and gentle nature, his genuine manliness and modesty, and his cheerful, unswerving integrity. These are the treasures that endure. The man who leaves a gracious memory blesses all who knew him: and it is one of the kindliest, purest, most truthful, and generous of men that will always be recalled when those who knew him think of George P. Putnam.

BISHOP JANES AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

We are sorry to see that Bishop Janes, Dr. Foss, and a few others, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, are joining hands with the Roman Catholic clergy in making war upon the Public School System. On Friday evening the first anniversary of the Educational Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church was held in New York, and some of the speakers assailed the public schools. We hope the laity will take the matter in hand. In every country the movement in favor of sectarian schools is purely a *Clerical* one. The people here, no matter of what creed, if left to themselves, prefer the present system, and know it to be the only one that can be sustained, for it is the only one that is in harmony with American institutions. If the Educational Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church requires the destruction of our Public Schools, the sooner it is broken up the better.

PERSONAL.

The restitution of nine millions of dollars to the Erie Railway Company by its late president, Gould, has no parallel in the way of restitutions in the world's history. The two gentlemen who have been most conspicuous in recovering this sum are Mr. Peter H. Watson, the president, and Mr. S. L. M. Barlow, the counsel of the company. Mr. Watson, though a lawyer, has never practiced much at the bar. He is now about fifty, and has made a reputation as Assistant Secretary of War under Mr. Stanton, and since then as an active officer in several Western railways. Mr. Barlow is perhaps more widely known from his connection with many of the leading railway and other corporations of the country. The law firm of which he is the leading member has long been known for the magnitude of the cases intrusted to their care, and for the success that has attended them. He appears to have a special aptitude for ferreting out conspicuous business irregularities; and whether as the sagacious, far-sighted counselor, the active, astute politician, or the agreeable gentleman in society, he is equally esteemed. He is, moreover, always ready with head, heart, hand, and purse for any organization that looks to the practical amelioration of the sick, the unfortunate, or those who have any proper claim for pecuniary aid; and as he is in the very prime of life, with every surrounding that heart could wish, and with professional and personal position of which any man might felicitate himself, he must needs be not a little industrious merely to maintain his reputation.

—Mr. William Henry Hurlbut, of the *World*, has gone on an important business enterprise to Costa Rica—something relating to the internal development and improvement of the country. His mission completed, he will visit Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, and Chili, and see what is going on generally on the Pacific side; thence through the Straits of Magellan, up to Buenos Ayres and Rio Janeiro, and so home. The result of his observations, independent of the mere business part of his journey, will probably be given to the public in a series of articles in *Harper's Magazine*, and subsequently published in book form both here and in London. It would be difficult to find a man more competent to make a rare, racy, readable book than Mr. H.

—With the single exception of a great-granddaughter, aged eighteen, all of Sir Walter Scott's descendants are dead.

—James Lynch, Secretary of State of Mississippi, just deceased, is the only colored man in the United States or in Europe who has held such a position. He was a man of brains, and an orator of no mean powers. Black as ink, with bushy hair and strongly marked physiognomy, his pure African blood was as unmistakable as his mental force and training. At the Philadelphia Convention his speech was one of the most remarkable of all that were delivered—precise, forcible, eloquent.

—A waggish party sends telegram to the Cincinnati *Gazette* that Mr. Hastings has sold his controlling interest in the *Commercial Advertiser* to Charles Moran, ex-president of the Erie Railway Company, and who formerly owned part of the paper. The wag adds, with greater truth, that Mr. Hastings is a man of large means, enjoys his position, and finds his investments profitable. The *Commercial* never had so large a circulation or business as at present.

—Mr. Whitelaw Reid is reinstalled as editor of the *Tribune*, with larger power than was accorded to him when manager under Mr. Greeley. The great journal, therefore, resumes the even tenor and soprano of its way, as do the bright and cultivated gentlemen who impart so much of spirit and brilliancy to its columns. Few men of his years have had so large and responsible an experience in journalism as Mr. Reid. His management of the *Tribune* during the Franco-German war was conspicuous for boldness and vigor, and the fullness of its dispatches and the promptness with which they were laid before the public are still fresh in the minds of the public. It can scarcely be doubted, under the present circumstances, that he will infuse into every department of the establishment additional force and thoroughness.

—Mr. D. G. Croly, for some years past managing editor of the *World*, has retired, to accept the editorship, so said, of an illustrated daily paper, to be started with ample capital, mainly furnished by magnates of Montreal. Rumor adds that "several insurance companies are interested in the enterprise," which is probably "conspicuously inexact." The business of insurance companies is not writing, but underwriting.

—Colonel John Hay is as successful on the platform as he is as an editor. The late Mr. Greeley once said to the writer of this "personal" that he regarded Mr. Hay as "one of the most promising journalists of the day, with a born aptitude for the business." His lecture at Association Hall on *Daybreak in Spain* was all that could be desired in such an effort, evincing much research, skill in arrangement, excellence in style, and lightened up, just at the right intervals, with the brightest possible wit, and told in a manner that was both graceful and charming.

—Apropos of large majorities, there are but four Representatives elect to the next Congress who received majorities exceeding 10,000. They are Garfield, of Ohio; Willard, of Vermont; Hurlbut, of Illinois (brother of W. H. H., of the *World*); and Crocker, of Massachusetts.

—Giovanni Battista Falcieri, the servant in whose arms Lord Byron died, is a clerk in the India House, London, a hale old man of seventy-five.

—The Pope is not so badly off, after all. He derives about eight million lire a year from Peter-pence, besides a large income from Church endowments.

—The Berlin *Court Circular* of December 1 says: "His Majesty the Emperor and King today called at the Thiergarten Hotel and paid his respects to Frau Von Schweinitz, the wife of his Majesty's embassador to Austria." The lady is the daughter of Hon. John Jay, United States minister at Vienna.

—General Dix has not only filled several of the offices of this State, as well as general, minister to France, postmaster, and United States Senator, but he has enjoyed the peculiar and higher dignity of having occupied the chair editorial. Thirty years ago he edited a handsome quarto journal in Albany, called *The Northern Light*. It was a literary paper, and its last editor was Alfred B. Street. It was no great things as a pecuniary success, for it lost $5000 in the three years of its existence. But it was a good paper.

—As to the Grand Duke Alexis, his imperial parent means that he shall visit every civilized country, and learn the practical workings of all different forms of government. The young man is fond of junketings, yet he has taste for art and manufacture, and is industrious in examining public buildings, art-galleries, mills, foundries, and things of that sort.

—It is said in London that Mr. Edwin James, who recently returned to England, is about to be reinstated in the position he formerly held as a member of the English bar.

—There are now five ex-Lord Chancellors of England drawing pensions of $25,000 a year—Lord St. Leonards, Lord Chelmsford, Lord Westbury, Lord Cairns, and Lord Hatherly.

—Stonewall Jackson is said to have been a thorough believer in astrology, and more than ten years before his death calculated for himself a horoscope, which was fulfilled by his fall at Chancellorsville.

—The mother of the Khedive of Egypt having been cured of an ailment by an Arab surgeon, the Khedive says "much obliged," and gives the Arabian sawbones $5000.

—A son of Paganini, Achille by name, has addressed from Parma, where he resides, a circular to the Italian music-sellers, offering to sell a certain number of the unpublished works of his father. The fact may be of interest to fiddlers.

—James Chesley, formerly of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, died at Rochester, in that State, January 12, 1851, aged 101 years, lacking 13 days. His immediate descendants are six in number, and all living, viz., Thomas, aged 94 years; Alice, 89; Isaac and Jacob, twins, each 84; James, 81; Deborah, 79.

—One of the men for whom Mr. Greeley had the strongest personal attachment was the late Charles G. Halpine ("Miles O'Reilly"). He helped him to secure the office of Register, out of which he should have saved a competence: but the competence was not saved. "I never," said Mr. Greeley, "saw a fellow who had so little idea that there could be such things as principles in this life as Halpine. But he wouldn't let me believe in him. I took the same interest in him that I would in a delightful heathen. He was enough of a care to make me attached to him, and enough of a pleasure to pay me back with interest. When Charley Halpine died there seemed to be no more boys left for me to play with."

—Agassiz has toned himself down, or up, to that fine point in science where he accords to himself but one meal per day, deeming any thing beyond that a waste of the hours and an absurdity in expense.

—George Macdonald says, "There *are* men who can not make a joke, but we are obliged to fall back on our Christianity to keep from hating them."

—"Roland," the famous horse on which the Earl of Cardigan led the charge of the Light Brigade, the "Noble Six Hundred," has just died, at the age of thirty. Lord C. died four years ago.

—Undoubtedly there are a great many ladies who wish that they had written that charming book for children, by Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz, the *William Henry Letters*. But the wishes of a certain Mrs. Dyce, of Brooklyn, are so ardent in this direction that she calls herself the author to the point of insisting that her name is Diaz. It is not unnatural that if she proposes to leave her hotel bills unpaid she should prefer to perform that ceremony under a feigned name, nor that if she wishes to raise a loan she should propitiate the lender by personating so agreeable a writer as Mrs. Diaz. But that lady objects, and desires that Mrs. Dyce, light-haired, of medium height, of fluent speech and low, sweet voice, with a readiness to quote Scripture, and to beg, and not to pay her bills with her small white hands, should be known as a swindler, and not as Mrs. Diaz.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

On Friday, December 20, both Houses of Congress adjourned for the holidays. The only measure of importance that passed was the Deficiency bill, which, in an amended form, was adopted by the Senate. The House was without a quorum.

Several large fires occurred in this city December 24, involving an aggregate loss of over a million dollars. A printing house on Centre Street was burned, and seven persons are supposed to have perished in the flames. Barnum's Museum, on Fourteenth Street, was also burned, with nearly its entire stock of wild animals, and the fire, spreading to the eastward, destroyed Grace Chapel, the Lawrence mansion, and another building.

Jay Gould has restored two-thirds of the promised $9,000,000 to the Erie Railway Company, and has provided for the payment of the remainder.

The Judiciary Committee of the Board of Supervisors have recommended the granting of a petition for subdividing the city of Yonkers, and making the lower portion of it a new town, to be called Kingsbridge.

Captain Pendleton, of the brig *Cyclone*, which was lost off Fire Island in November, will bring a test suit against the government for the loss of his vessel, on the ground that the light on the island was extinguished on the morning of the occurrence, although at the time it was dark and foggy.

The new Memorial Presbyterian church, on Madison Avenue, in this city, was dedicated December 22.

Three terrible railroad accidents have taken place during the week—one at Corry Creek, Pennsylvania, December 24, by which twenty-one lives were lost; another, on the same day, on the Indianapolis, Peru, and Chicago road, by which twenty persons were severely and three fatally injured; and a third, on the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé road, resulting in the death of two persons and the wounding of four or five others.

The most violent snow-storm that has occurred within the past twenty years fell upon a large portion of the United States on the 26th of December. In the cities the streets were rendered almost impassable, and every where the travel by railroad and steamboat lines was seriously impeded. In Philadelphia the roofs of two large buildings were crushed beneath the weight of the snow, and several of the inmates were injured.

The floor of a Baptist church in Williamsport, Pennsylvania, fell on Christmas-day, and five hundred persons were precipitated into the cellar. Fourteen were killed, and upward of forty wounded.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Another crisis has occurred in the Spanish cabinet, and the ministers of Finance, Public Works, and the Colonies have resigned, and newly appointed ministers have taken their places.

In the Spanish Cortes, December 23, the Minister of Foreign Affairs announced that the government had put a stop to the purchase of slaves in Porto Rico for Cuba.

The entire new Spanish loan of 250,000,000 pesetas has been taken.

An agreement has just been concluded between the United States and Spain for jointly taking testimony in Cuba relative to the claims of American citizens growing out of the present rebellion in that island.

An army bill was introduced into the Italian Parliament, December 21, making military service compulsory. A similar measure in Spain is very unpopular.

Three thousand students made a demonstration in Paris, December 21, in favor of Professor Roebin, of the Institute, whose name was struck from the jury list because he disbelieves in the existence of a God.

The French National Assembly before adjourning for the holidays passed a bill restoring to the Orleans princes their confiscated property.

A radical paper in France—the *Corsaire*—has been suspended for advocating the doctrines of socialism.

The river Thames has overflowed its banks in many places, inundating thousands of acres. There has not been such a rise in its waters for twenty years past.

It appears that the report of the loss of the Boston ship *Matchless* with all on board was a cruel hoax. The vessel has arrived at Shields in safety with all on board.

An explosion occurred recently at Silverdale, England, by which eight miners were killed.

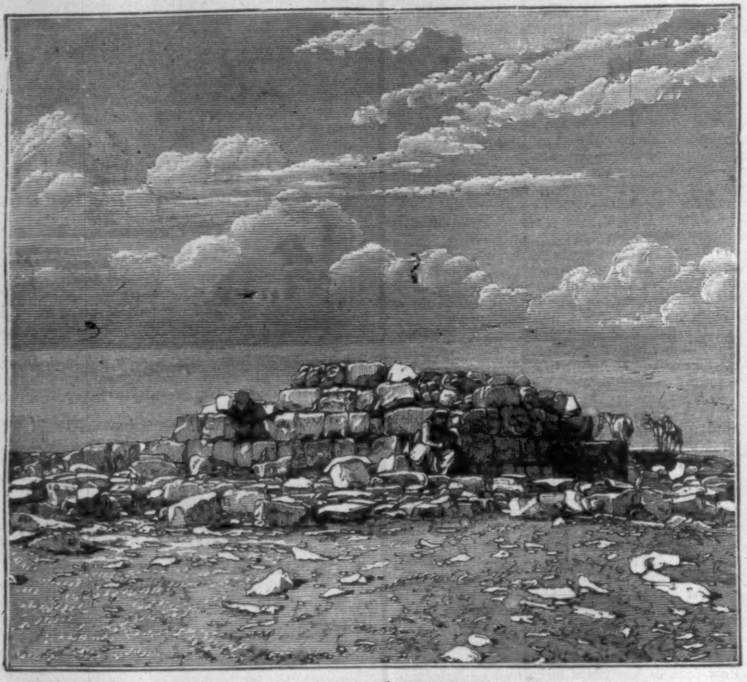
The English ship *Germany* went ashore, December 21, near the river Gironde, and as many as thirty persons were washed out of her rigging and drowned.

Prince Bismarck has been relieved of the presidency of the Council of Ministers, but still remains Minister of Foreign Affairs.

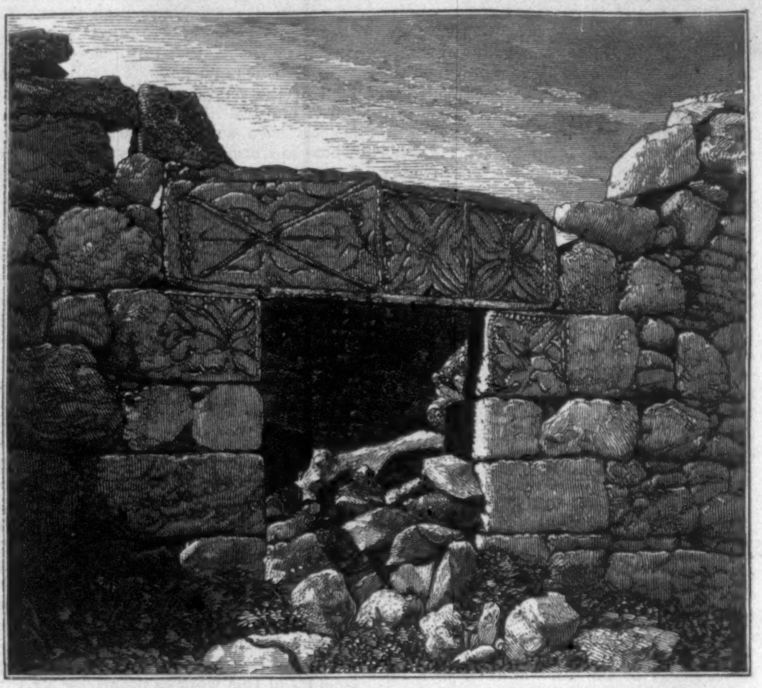
The Khan of Khiva has summoned the auxiliary tribes to aid him against Russia.

Kamehameha V., King of the Sandwich Islands, died December 11, without naming a successor.

VIEWS FROM THE LAND OF MOAB.



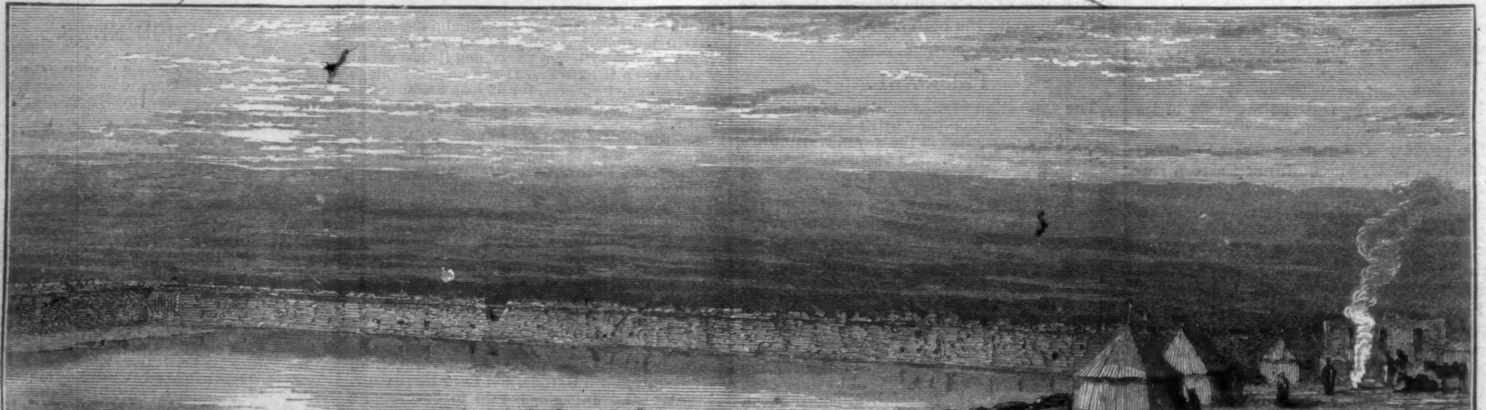
DHIBAN—PART OF THE RUINS.



KHAN-ZI-BIB—DOORWAY ON SOUTH SIDE OF THE INTERIOR OF KHAN.

Considerable attention has been directed of late to the ancient country of the Moabites, which lies on the eastern shore of the Dead Sea. It was here that Dr. Klein, of the Church Missionary Society at Jerusalem, discovered the celebrated Moabite Stone, the inscription on which commemorates the war between Mesha, king of Moab, and the allied sovereigns of Israel, Judah, and Edom, mentioned in the third chapter of the Second Book of Kings. Accordingly, the committee of the Geographical Section of the British Association determined to send out an expedition for the exploration of Moab. Among the party were Dr. Klein, Dr. Ginsburg, the Rev. Dr. Tristram, and Mr. R. C. Johnson, of Liverpool, who surveyed and photographed. Though the explorers met with some difficulty from the semi-nomad inhabitants, who in some cases demanded exorbitant black-mail, and in others altogether opposed their passage, they accomplished much valuable work. Names hitherto taken at hap-hazard from Arab information were identified and fixed, others were corrected or erased, and some added. One of their centres for exploration was Ziza, mentioned in the *Antonine Itinerary* as the station of a squadron of cavalry, and from here, near Heshbon, the ruins of a magnificent palace were discovered, in a remarka-

KHAN-ZI-BIB—GENERAL VIEW OF INTERIOR OF KHAN.



ZIZA—THE RESERVOIR.

bly perfect condition. A quadrangle of freestone, furnished with semicircular bastions, incloses a palace of brick, while on either side there is a façade of carved work, on which animals, flowers, and men are chiseled with great thoroughness and delicacy. The vaulted roofs of eight of the chambers of the palace yet remain, and the date of the building is supposed to be about A. D. 600. The gorge of the Kallirhoë, where HEROD the Great sought to obtain a cure, was thoroughly explored; and Makaur (the ancient Machærus, where JOHN the Baptist suffered imprisonment and death) was reached for the first time. The expedition, besides ascertaining numerous other new facts, added to our knowledge of the Dead Sea. Former travelers had noticed that the Judæan, or western, shore of the Dead Sea and the Moabite, or eastern, were very unlike. The western shore is a desert of glaring marl, almost destitute of vegetation. The eastern shore is now found to be well supplied with water, it is covered with plants and leaf-shedding trees, and has at its northern end palms growing in the clefts of the rocks.

The engraving in which the muleteer is shown represents the better of the only two buildings in Dhibân that had even the remains of walls. It gives a very good idea of the general appearance of Moabitish ruins—almost utter desolation. A few of the arches of the ancient dwellings are standing, and sometimes as much as ten or twelve yards in length of one of those dismal subterranean tunnels; but as a rule only confused heaps of stones indicate the site of what must have formerly been important cities. Dhibân is mentioned on the Moabite Stone and in the Bible as Dibon. With reference to the Moabite Stone we may here remark that, as a whole, it has never been photographed, for before it came into the possession of Europeans the Arabs, through jealousy, broke it up into small fragments, and some of the pieces are even yet wanting.

Ziza was known by name, but had never been accurately described before it was visited by the Rev. Canon TRISTRAM and his four colleagues in the spring of the year. The ruins are very extensive, and present indications of great antiquity, but probably the reservoir is the most ancient part. It is built of massive rectangular blocks of stone, and is about 140 yards in length and 110 yards in breadth; it is now nearly empty, as the Arabs have neglected to keep in order the extensive dams and sluices.

The other illustrations are of Khân-zi-Bib, which is now a Mohammedan khan, situated on the east side of the Derb-el-Hadj, or pilgrim road to Mecca. The interior of this building is in an extremely dilapidated condition, and is remarkable for the size of the few arches which remain standing. The rude carving on the stone of the doorway has the appearance of great antiquity, and the present building has evidently been constructed of materials taken from an older edifice. Khân-zi-Bib is close to the Hadj road, and is about twelve miles from Umm Rasâs. It had not been previously visited, and all maps erroneously place the Hadj road close to Umm Rasâs.

THE LATE GEORGE P. PUTNAM.

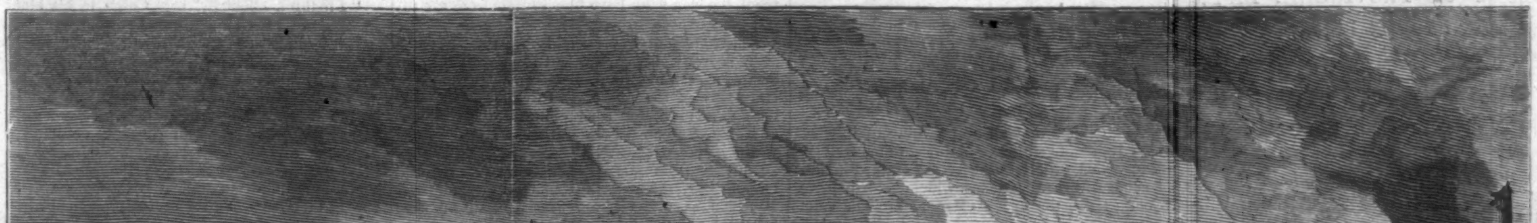
GEORGE P. PUTNAM.

LAST week it was our sad duty to record the death of KENSETT; this week we are called upon to pay the last tribute of respect and esteem to one who was well known as a warm and intelligent friend of artists and authors, and whose familiar and kindly face will be deeply missed in the artistic and literary circles of New York. Mr. PUTNAM died suddenly at his bookstore late in the afternoon of Friday, December 20. While in the act of handing a book to a customer he fell to the floor and immediately expired. Medical aid was at once procured, but restoratives were in vain.

Mr. PUTNAM was born in Brunswick, Maine, February 21, 1814, and was consequently in his fifty-ninth year at the time of his decease. His education was that of the common school only, and at the age of fourteen he came to this city, and entered as clerk in the bookstore of DANIEL LEAVITT. He was afterward clerk in the service of JOHN WILEY, with whom he formed a partnership some years later. In 1841 he went to London as representative of the firm, and remained there seven years in charge of the English branch of the house. He was one of the first to build up the business of importing English books—a business which has since been largely developed—and he was probably the first to introduce the sale of American publications into England. During his sojourn in London he wrote and published a book called *American Facts*, which, by giving a great deal of information concerning the condition of affairs in the United States, contributed greatly to produce a better understanding and appreciation of this country in English minds.

On his return from England Mr. PUTNAM engaged in business by himself, and soon began the publication of WASHINGTON IRVING'S works. Among other standard works published by him are the writings of J. FENIMORE COOPER, BAYARD TAYLOR, CHARLES LAMB, THOMAS HOOD, JOHN P. KENNEDY, EDGAR A. POE, and others. One of his early publishing enterprises was a library of choice reading, in twenty-five cent volumes, selected from the best authors, whereby he hoped to bring them within the reach of all classes. Mr. PUTNAM early interested himself in the production of fine illustrated books, publishing, among others, the *Artists' Edition of Irving's Sketch-Book*, and the *Book of American Scenery*. In 1852 he established *Putnam's Magazine*. It met with immediate success. Four years later it was sold to another firm, who failed in the financial crisis of 1857, when the publication of the magazine was suspended. In 1863 Mr. PUTNAM retired from active business to become collector of internal revenue, a position which he held till 1866, when, in conjunction with his sons, he formed the publishing house of G. P. PUTNAM & SONS. The magazine was re-established in 1867, and continued till 1870, when it was sold to SCRIBNER & Co., and merged in *Scribner's Monthly*.

Mr. PUTNAM not only held an honored position in the trade of which he was a member, but sus-



THE BURNING OF BARNUM'S HIPPODROME.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ROCKWOOD.—[SEE PAGE 30.]

tained relations of intimacy and friendship with many of the most distinguished men of letters of the day, both in this country and abroad. He was himself, also, an author of acknowledged merit, especially in the department of history and statistics. His most important literary work was the *World's Progress; or, Dictionary of Dates*, which he began at the age of fourteen and completed when twenty-two; revising it, however, from time to time, to keep the record even with the time.

Mr. PUTNAM was one of the first members of the Century Club, in this city, and was for several years chairman of the Art Committee of the Union League Club. He was also very active in the organization of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, of which he has been honorary superintendent during the past year, besides being busily engaged on the committee for the preparation of a representation of American art at the Vienna Exposition. Eminently social in his disposition, Mr. PUTNAM surrounded himself with warm friends. His counsels were frequently sought, and always highly appreciated. Modest and retiring in his manners, he cherished a singular self-respect, and never receded from his ground but through the force of conviction. He was a man of the rarest purity and sweetness of life, of strong religious sentiment, and a model of excellence in the social and domestic relations.

THE HIPPODROME BURNED.

AT a few minutes before four o'clock on Tuesday morning, December 24, a fire broke out in the engine-room of BARNUM'S Hippodrome, Museum, and Menagerie, on Fourteenth Street. This building, like the Brooklyn Tabernacle, was a frame-work of wood covered with corrugated iron. The alarm was immediately given, but it was next to useless to call the firemen, as far as saving any thing about this shell of a building was concerned. It burned like a bonfire. The heat was intense, and the flames speedily communicated to Grace Chapel, next adjoining on the east, and this elegant edifice was soon consumed. The iron-front building adjoining the circus on the west, and a large brick building next the church, were also burned. For a time it seemed as if the whole block must go, but by the exertions of the firemen the fire was confined to the four buildings just named. A picture of the scene is given on the preceding page.

Nothing was saved of the contents of BARNUM'S establishment except two elephants. The lions and tigers, bears and sea-lions, and rare birds and costly automatic figures, were all destroyed.

MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

BY GEORGE ELIOT,

AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE," "ROMOLA," ETC.

BOOK VII.

TWO TEMPTATIONS.

CHAPTER LXVII.—(*Continued.*)

BULSTRODE showed a rather exasperating ability in this conversation. The broken metaphor and bad logic of motive which had stirred his hearer's contempt were quite consistent with a mode of putting the facts which made it difficult for Lydgate to vent his own indignation and disappointment. After some rapid reflection, he only asked,

"What did Mrs. Casaubon say?"

"That was the further statement which I wished to make to you," said Bulstrode, who had thoroughly prepared his ministerial explanation. "She is, you are aware, a woman of most munificent disposition, and happily in possession—not I presume of great wealth, but of funds which she can well spare. She has informed me that though she had destined the chief part of those funds to another purpose, she is willing to consider whether she can not fully take my place in relation to the Hospital. But she wishes for ample time to mature her thoughts on the subject, and I have told her that there is no need for haste—that, in fact, my own plans are not yet absolute."

Lydgate was ready to say, "If Mrs. Casaubon would take your place, there would be gain, instead of loss." But there was still a weight on his mind which arrested this cheerful candor. He replied, "I suppose, then, that I may enter into the subject with Mrs. Casaubon."

"Precisely; that is what she expressly desires. Her decision, she says, will much depend on what you can tell her. But not at present: she is, I believe, just setting out on a journey. I have her letter here," said Mr. Bulstrode, drawing it out, and reading from it. "'I am immediately otherwise engaged,' she says. 'I am going into Yorkshire with Sir James and Lady Chettam; and the conclusions I come to about some land which I am to see there may affect my power of contributing to the Hospital.' Thus, Mr. Lydgate, there is no haste necessary in this matter; but I wished to apprise you beforehand of what may possibly occur."

Mr. Bulstrode returned the letter to his side-pocket, and changed his attitude as if his business were closed. Lydgate, whose renewed hope about the Hospital only made him more conscious of the facts which poisoned his hope, felt that his effort after help, if made at all, must be made now and vigorously.

"I am much obliged to you for giving me full notice," he said, with a firm intention in his tone, yet with an interruptedness in his delivery which showed that he spoke unwillingly. "The highest object to me is my profession, and I had identified the Hospital with the best use I can at present make of my profession. But the best use is not always the same with monetary success. Every thing which has made the Hospital unpopular has helped with other causes—I think they are all connected with my professional zeal—to make me unpopular as a practitioner. I get chiefly patients who can't pay me. I should like them best, if I had nobody to pay on my own side." Lydgate waited a little, but Bulstrode only bowed, looking at him fixedly, and he went on with the same interrupted enunciation—as if he were biting an objectionable leek.

"I have slipped into money difficulties which I can see no way out of, unless some one who trusts me and my future will advance me a sum without other security. I had very little fortune left when I came here. I have no prospects of money from my own family. My expenses, in consequence of my marriage, have been very much greater than I had expected. The result at this moment is that it would take a thousand pounds to clear me. I mean, to free me from the risk of having all my goods sold in security of my largest debt—as well as to pay my other debts—and leave any thing to keep us a little beforehand with our small income. I find that it is out of the question that my wife's father should make such an advance. That is why I mention my position to—to the only other man who may be held to have some personal connection with my prosperity or ruin."

Lydgate hated to hear himself. But he had spoken now, and had spoken with unmistakable directness. Mr. Bulstrode replied without haste, but also without hesitation.

"I am grieved, though, I confess, not surprised, by this information, Mr. Lydgate. For my own part, I regretted your alliance with my brother-in-law's family, which has always been of prodigal habits, and which has already been much indebted to me for sustainment in its present position. My advice to you, Mr. Lydgate, would be, that instead of involving yourself in further obligations, and continuing a doubtful struggle, you should simply become a bankrupt."

"That would not improve my prospect," said Lydgate, rising, and speaking bitterly, "even if it were a more agreeable thing in itself."

"It is always a trial," said Mr. Bulstrode; "but trial, my dear sir, is our portion here, and is a needed corrective. I recommend you to weigh the advice I have given."

"Thank you," said Lydgate, not quite knowing what he said. "I have occupied you too long. Good-day."

CHAPTER LXVIII.

"What suit of grace hath Virtue to put on
If Vice shall wear as good, and do as well?
If Wrong, if Craft, if Indiscretion
Act as fair parts with ends as laudable?
Which all this mighty volume of events
The world, the universal map of deeds,
Strongly controls, and proves from all descents,
That the directest course still best succeeds.
For should not grave and learn'd Experience,
That looks with the eyes of all the world beside,
And with all ages holds intelligence,
Go safer than Deceit without a guide?"
DANIEL: *Musophilus.*

THAT change of plan and shifting of interest which Bulstrode stated or betrayed in his conversation with Lydgate, had been determined in him by some severe experience which he had gone through since the epoch of Mr. Larcher's sale, when Raffles had recognized Will Ladislaw, and when the banker had in vain attempted an act of restitution which might move Divine Providence to arrest painful consequences.

His certainty that Raffles, unless he were dead, would return to Middlemarch before long, had been justified. On Christmas-eve he had reappeared at The Shrubs. Bulstrode was at home to receive him, and hinder his communication with the rest of the family, but he could not altogether hinder the circumstances of the visit from compromising himself and alarming his wife. Raffles proved more unmanageable than he had shown himself to be in his former appearances, his chronic state of mental restlessness, the growing effect of habitual intemperance, quickly shaking off every impression from what was said to him. He insisted on staying in the house, and Bulstrode, weighing two sets of evils, felt that this was at least not a worse alternative than his going into the town. He kept him in his own room for the evening and saw him to bed, Raffles all the while amusing himself with the annoyance he was causing this decent and highly prosperous fellow-sinner, an amusement which he facetiously expressed as sympathy with his friend's pleasure in entertaining a man who had been serviceable to him, and who had not had all his earnings. There was a cunning calculation under this noisy joking—a cool resolve to extract something the handsomer from Bulstrode as payment for release from this new application of torture. But his cunning had a little overcast its mark.

Bulstrode was indeed more tortured than the coarse fibre of Raffles could enable him to imagine. He had told his wife that he was simply taking care of this wretched creature, the victim of vice, who might otherwise injure himself; he implied, without the direct form of falsehood, that there was a family tie which bound him to this care, and that there were signs of mental alienation in Raffles which urged caution. He would himself drive the unfortunate being away the next morning. In these hints he felt that he was supplying Mrs. Bulstrode with precautionary information for his daughters and servants, and accounting for his allowing no one but himself to enter the room even with food and drink. But he sat in an agony of fear lest Raffles should be overheard in his loud and plain references to past facts—lest Mrs. Bulstrode should be even tempted to listen at the door. How could he hinder her, how betray his terror by opening the door to detect her? She was a woman of honest, direct habits, and little likely to take so low a course in order to arrive at painful knowledge; but fear was stronger than the calculation of probabilities.

In this way Raffles had pushed the torture too far, and produced an effect which had not been in his plan. By showing himself hopelessly unmanageable he had made Bulstrode feel that a strong defiance was the only resource left. After taking Raffles to bed that night the banker ordered his closed carriage to be ready at half past seven the next morning. At six o'clock he had already been long dressed, and had spent some of his wretchedness in prayer, pleading his motives for averting the worst evil if in any thing he had used falsity and spoken what was not true before God. For Bulstrode shrank from a direct lie with an intensity disproportionate to the number of his more indirect misdeeds. But many of these misdeeds were like the subtle muscular movements which are not taken account of in the consciousness, though they bring about the end that we fix our mind on and desire. And it is only what we are vividly conscious of that we can vividly imagine to be seen by Omniscience.

Bulstrode carried his candle to the bedside of Raffles, who was apparently in a painful dream. He stood silent, hoping that the presence of the light would serve to waken the sleeper gradually and gently, for he feared some noise as the consequence of a too sudden awakening. He had watched for a couple of minutes or more the shudderings and pantings which seemed likely to end in waking, when Raffles, with a long half-stifled moan, started up and stared round him in terror, trembling and gasping. But he made no further noise, and Bulstrode, setting down the candle, awaited his recovery.

It was a quarter of an hour later before Bulstrode, with a cold peremptoriness of manner which he had not before shown, said, "I came to call you thus early, Mr. Raffles, because I have ordered the carriage to be ready at half past seven, and intend myself to conduct you as far as Ilsely, where you can either take the railway or await a coach."

Raffles was about to speak, but Bulstrode anticipated him imperiously, with the words, "Be silent, Sir, and hear what I have to say. I shall supply you with money now, and I will furnish you with a reasonable sum from time to time, on your application to me by letter; but if you choose to present yourself here again, if you return to Middlemarch, if you use your tongue in a manner injurious to me, you will have to live on such fruits as your malice can bring you, without help from me. Nobody will pay you well for blasting my name: I know the worst you can do against me, and I shall brave it if you dare to thrust yourself upon me again. Get up, Sir, and do as I order you, without noise, or I will send for a policeman to take you off my premises, and you may carry your stories into every pot-house in the town, but you shall have no sixpence from me to pay your expenses there."

Bulstrode had rarely in his life spoken with such nervous energy: he had been deliberating on this speech and its probable effects through a large part of the night; and though he did not trust to its ultimately saving him from any return of Raffles, he had concluded that it was the best throw he could make. It succeeded in enforcing submission from the jaded man this morning: his empoisoned system at this moment quailed before Bulstrode's cold, resolute bearing, and he was taken off quietly in the carriage before the family breakfast-time. The servants imagined him to be a poor relation, and were not surprised that a strict man like their master, who held his head high in the world, should be ashamed of such a cousin and want to get rid of him. The banker's drive of ten miles with his hated companion was a dreary beginning of the Christmas-day; but at the end of the drive, Raffles had recovered his spirits, and parted in a contentment for which there was the good reason that the banker had given him a hundred pounds. Various motives urged Bulstrode to this open-handedness, but he did not himself inquire closely into all of them. As he had stood watching Raffles in his uneasy sleep, it had certainly entered his mind that the man had been much shattered since the first gift of two hundred pounds.

He had taken care to repeat the incisive statement of his resolve not to be played on any more; and had tried to penetrate Raffles with the fact that he had shown the risks of bribing him to be quite equal to the risks of defying him. But when, freed from his repulsive presence, Bulstrode returned to his quiet home, he brought with him no confidence that he had secured more than a respite. It was as if he had had a loathsome dream, and could not shake off its images with their hateful kindred of sensations—as if on all the pleasant surroundings of his life a dangerous reptile had left his slimy traces.

Who can know how much of his most inward life is made up of the thoughts he believes other men to have about him, until that fabric of opinion is threatened with ruin?

Bulstrode was only the more conscious that there was a deposit of uneasy presentiment in his wife's mind, because she carefully avoided any allusion to it. He had been used every day to taste the flavor of supremacy and the tribute of complete deference; and the certainty that he was watched or measured with a hidden suspicion of his having some discreditable secret, made his voice totter when he was speaking to edification. Foreseeing, to men of Bulstrode's anxious temperament, is often worse than seeing; and his imagination continually heightened the anguish of an imminent disgrace. Yes, imminent; for if his defiance of Raffles did not keep the man away—and though he prayed for this result he hardly hoped for it—the disgrace was certain. In vain he said to himself that, if permitted, it would be a Divine visitation, a chastisement, a preparation: he recoiled from the imagined burning; and he judged that it must be more for the Divine glory that he should escape dishonor. That recoil had at last urged him to make preparations for quitting Middlemarch. If evil truth must be reported of him, he would then be at a less scorching distance from the contempt of his old neighbors; and in a new scene, where his life would not have gathered the same wide sensibility, the tormentor, if he pursued him, would be less formidable. To leave the place finally would, he knew, be extremely painful to his wife, and on other grounds he would have preferred to stay where he had struck root. Hence he made his preparations at first in a conditional way, wishing to leave on all sides an opening for his return after brief absence, if any favorable intervention of Providence should dissipate his fears. He was preparing to transfer his management of the Bank, and to give up any active control of other commercial affairs in the neighborhood, on the ground of his failing health, but without excluding his future resumption of such work. The measure would cause him some added expense and some diminution of income beyond what he had already undergone from the general depression of trade; and the Hospital presented itself as a principal object of outlay on which he could fairly economize.

This was the experience which had determined his conversation with Lydgate. But at this time his arrangements had most of them gone no further than a stage at which he could recall them if they proved to be unnecessary. He continually deferred the final steps; in the midst of his fears, like many a man who is in danger of shipwreck or of being dashed from his carriage by runaway horses, he had a clinging impression that something would happen to hinder the worst, and that to spoil his life by a late transplantation might be overhasty—especially since it was difficult to account satisfactorily to his wife for the project of their indefinite exile from the only place where she would like to live.

Among the affairs Bulstrode had to care for, was the management of the farm at Stone Court in case of his absence; and on this as well as on all other matters connected with any houses and land he possessed in or about Middlemarch, he had consulted Caleb Garth. Like every one else who had business of that sort, he wanted to get the agent who was more anxious for his employer's interests than his own. With regard to Stone Court, since Bulstrode wished to retain his hold on the stock, and to have an arrangement by which he himself could, if he chose, resume his favorite recreation of superintendence, Caleb had advised him not to trust to a mere bailiff, but to let the land, stock, and implements yearly, and take a proportionate share of the proceeds.

"May I trust to you to find me a tenant on these terms, Mr. Garth?" said Bulstrode. "And will you mention to me the yearly sum which would repay you for managing these affairs which we have discussed together?"

"I'll think about it," said Caleb, in his blunt way. "I'll see how I can make it out."

If it had not been that he had to consider Fred Vincy's future, Mr. Garth would not probably have been glad of any addition to his work, of which his wife was always fearing an excess for him as he grew older. But on quitting Bulstrode after that conversation, a very alluring idea occurred to him about this said letting of Stone Court. What if Bulstrode would agree to his placing Fred Vincy there on the understanding that he, Caleb Garth, should be responsible for the management? It would be an excellent schooling for Fred; he might make a modest income there, and still have time left to get knowledge by helping in other business. He mentioned his notion to Mrs. Garth with such evident delight that she could not bear to chill his pleasure by expressing her constant fear of his undertaking too much.

"The lad would be as happy as two," he said, throwing himself back in his chair, and looking radiant, "if I could tell him it was all settled. Think, Susan! His mind had been running on that place for years before old Featherstone died. And it would be as pretty a turn of things as could be that he should hold the place in a good industrious way after all—by his taking to business. For it's likely enough Bulstrode might let him go on, and gradually buy the stock. He hasn't made up his mind, I can see, whether or not he shall settle somewhere else as a lasting thing. I never was better pleased with a notion in my life. And then the children might be married by-and-by, Susan."

"You will not give any hint of the plan to Fred until you are sure that Bulstrode would agree to the plan?" said Mrs. Garth, in a tone of gentle caution. "And as to marriage, Caleb, we old people need not help to hasten it."

"Oh, I don't know," said Caleb, swinging his head aside. "Marriage is a taming thing. Fred would want less of my bit and bridle. However, I shall say nothing till I know the ground I'm treading on. I shall speak to Bulstrode again."

He took his earliest opportunity of doing so. Bulstrode had any thing but a warm interest in his nephew Fred Vincy, but he had a strong wish to secure Mr. Garth's services on many scattered points of business at which he was sure to be a considerable loser, if they were under less conscientious management. On that ground he made no objection to Mr. Garth's proposal; and there was also another reason why he was not sorry to give a consent which was to benefit one of the Vincy family. It was that Mrs. Bulstrode, having heard of Lydgate's debts, had been anxious to know whether her husband could not do something for poor Rosamond, and had been much troubled on learning from him that Lydgate's affairs were not easily remediable, and that the wisest plan was to let them "take their course." Mrs. Bulstrode had then said for the first time, "I think you are always a little hard toward my family, Nicholas. And I am sure I have no reason to deny any of my relatives. Too worldly

they may be, but no one ever had to say that they were not respectable."

"My dear Harriet," said Mr. Bulstrode, wincing under his wife's eyes, which were filling with tears, "I have supplied your brother with a great deal of capital. I can not be expected to take care of his married children."

That seemed to be true, and Mrs. Bulstrode's remonstrance subsided into pity for poor Rosamond, whose extravagant education she had always foreseen the fruits of.

But remembering that dialogue, Mr. Bulstrode felt that when he had to talk to his wife fully about his plan of quitting Middlemarch, he should be glad to tell her that he had made an arrangement which might be for the good of her nephew Fred. At present he had merely mentioned to her that he thought of shutting up The Shrubs for a few months, and taking a house on the southern coast.

Hence Mr. Garth got the assurance he desired, namely, that in case of Bulstrode's departure from Middlemarch for an indefinite time, Fred Vincy should be allowed to have the tenancy of Stone Court on the terms proposed.

Caleb was so elated with his hope of this "neat turn" being given to things, that if his self-control had not been braced by a little affectionate wifely scolding, he would have betrayed every thing to Mary, wanting "to give the child comfort." However, he restrained himself, and kept in strict privacy from Fred certain visits which he was making to Stone Court, in order to look more thoroughly into the state of the land and stock, and take a preliminary estimate. He was certainly more eager in these visits than the probable speed of events required him to be; but he was stimulated by a fatherly delight in occupying his mind with this bit of probable happiness which he held in store like a hidden birthday gift for Fred and Mary.

"But suppose the whole scheme should turn out to be a castle in the air?" said Mrs. Garth.

"Well, well," replied Caleb; "the castle will tumble about nobody's head."

CHAPTER LXIX.

"If thou hast heard a word, let it die with thee."
Ecclesiasticus.

MR. BULSTRODE was still seated in his manager's room at the Bank, about three o'clock of the same day on which he had received Lydgate there, when the clerk entered to say that his horse was waiting, and also that Mr. Garth was outside and begged to speak with him.

"By all means," said Bulstrode; and Caleb entered. "Pray sit down, Mr. Garth," continued the banker, in his suavest tone. "I am glad that you arrived just in time to find me here. I know you count your minutes."

"Oh," said Caleb, gently, with a slow swing of his head on one side, as he seated himself and laid his hat on the floor. He looked at the ground, leaning forward and letting his long fingers droop between his legs, while each finger moved in succession, as if it were sharing some thought which filled his large, quiet brow.

Mr. Bulstrode, like every one else who knew Caleb, was used to his slowness in beginning to speak on any topic which he felt to be important, and rather expected that he was about to recur to the buying of some houses in Blindman's Court, for the sake of pulling them down, as a sacrifice of property which would be well repaid by the influx of air and light on that spot. It was by propositions of this kind that Caleb was sometimes troublesome to his employers; but he had usually found Bulstrode ready to meet him in projects of improvement, and they had got on well together. When he spoke again, however, it was to say, in rather a subdued voice,

"I have just come away from Stone Court, Mr. Bulstrode."

"You found nothing wrong there, I hope," said the banker; "I was there myself yesterday. Abel has done well with the lambs this year."

"Why, yes," said Caleb, looking up gravely, "there is something wrong—a stranger, who is very ill, I think. He wants a doctor, and I came to tell you of that. His name is Raffles."

He saw the shock of his words passing through Bulstrode's frame. On this subject the banker had thought that his fears were too constantly on the watch to be taken by surprise; but he had been mistaken.

"Poor wretch!" he said, in a compassionate tone, though his lips trembled a little. "Do you know how he came there?"

"I took him myself," said Caleb, quietly—"took him up in my gig. He had got down from the coach, and was walking a little beyond the turning from the toll-house, and I overtook him. He remembered seeing me with you once before, at Stone Court, and he asked me to take him on. I saw he was ill: it seemed to me the right thing to do, to carry him under shelter. And now I think you should lose no time in getting advice for him." Caleb took up his hat from the floor as he ended, and rose slowly from his seat.

"Certainly," said Bulstrode, whose mind was very active at this moment. "Perhaps you will yourself oblige me, Mr. Garth, by calling at Mr. Lydgate's as you pass—or stay! he may at this hour probably be at the Hospital. I will first send my man on the horse there with a note this instant, and then I will myself ride to Stone Court."

Bulstrode quickly wrote a note, and went out himself to give the commission to his man. When he returned, Caleb was standing as before with one hand on the back of the chair, holding his hat with the other. In Bulstrode's mind the dominant thought was, "Perhaps Raffles only spoke to Garth of his illness. Garth may wonder, as he must have done before, at this disreputable fellow's claiming intimacy with me; but he will know nothing. And he is friendly to me—I can be of use to him."

He longed for some confirmation of this hopeful conjecture, but to have asked any question as to what Raffles had said or done would have been to betray fear.

"I am exceedingly obliged to you, Mr. Garth," he said, in his usual tone of politeness. "My servant will be back in a few minutes, and I shall then go myself to see what can be done for this unfortunate man. Perhaps you had some other business with me? If so, pray be seated."

"Thank you," said Caleb, making a slight gesture with his right hand to waive the invitation. "I wish to say, Mr. Bulstrode, that I must request you to put your business into some other hands than mine. I am obliged to you for your handsome way of meeting me—about the letting of Stone Court, and all other business. But I must give it up."

A sharp certainty entered like a stab into Bulstrode's soul.

"This is sudden, Mr. Garth," was all he could say at first.

"It is," said Caleb; "but it is quite fixed. I must give it up."

He spoke with a firmness which was very gentle, and yet he could see that Bulstrode seemed to cower under that gentleness, his face looking dried and his eyes swerving away from the glance which rested on him. Caleb felt a deep pity for him, but he could have used no pretexts to account for his resolve, even if they would have been of any use.

"You have been led to this, I apprehend, by some slanders concerning me uttered by that unhappy creature," said Bulstrode, anxious now to know the utmost.

"That is true. I can't deny that I act upon what I heard from him."

"You are a conscientious man, Mr. Garth—a man, I trust, who feels himself accountable to God. You would not wish to injure me by being too ready to believe a slander," said Bulstrode, casting about for pleas that might be adapted to his hearer's mind. "That is a poor reason for giving up a connection which I think I may say will be mutually beneficial."

"I would injure no man if I could help it," said Caleb; "even if I thought God winked at it. I hope I should have a feeling for my fellow-creature. But, Sir—I am obliged to believe that this Raffles has told me the truth. And I can't be happy in working with you, or profiting by you. It hurts my mind. I must beg you to seek another agent."

"Very well, Mr. Garth. But I must at least claim to know the worst that he has told you. I must know what is the foul speech that I am liable to be the victim of," said Bulstrode, a certain amount of anger beginning to mingle with his humiliation before this quiet man who renounced his benefits.

"That's needless," said Caleb, waving his hand, bowing his head slightly, and not swerving from the tone which had in it the merciful intention to spare this pitiable man. "What he has said to me will never pass from my lips, unless something now unknown forces it from me. If you led a harmful life for gain, and kept others out of their rights by deceit, to get the more for yourself, I dare say you repent—you would like to go back, and can't: that must be a bitter thing"—Caleb paused a moment and shook his head—"it is not for me to make your life harder to you."

"But you do—you do make it harder to me," said Bulstrode, constrained into a genuine, pleading cry. "You make it harder to me by turning your back on me."

"That I'm forced to do," said Caleb, still more gently, lifting up his hand. "I am sorry. I don't judge you and say, he is wicked, and I am righteous. God forbid. I don't know every thing. A man may do wrong, and his will may rise clear out of it, though he can't get his life clear. That's a bad punishment. If it is so with you—well, I'm very sorry for you. But I have that feeling inside me, that I can't go on working with you. That's all, Mr. Bulstrode. Every thing else is buried, so far as my will goes. And I wish you good-day."

"One moment, Mr. Garth!" said Bulstrode, hurriedly. "I may trust then to your solemn assurance that you will not repeat either to man or woman what—even if it have any degree of truth in it—is yet a malicious representation?"

Caleb's wrath was stirred, and he said, indignantly,

"Why should I have said it if I didn't mean it? I am in no fear of you. Such tales as that will never tempt my tongue."

"Excuse me—I am agitated—I am the victim of this abandoned man."

"Stop a bit! you have got to consider whether you didn't help to make him worse, when you profited by his vices."

"You are wronging me by too readily believing him," said Bulstrode, oppressed, as by a nightmare, with the inability to deny flatly what Raffles might have said; and yet feeling it an escape that Caleb had not so stated it to him as to ask for that flat denial.

"No," said Caleb, lifting his hand deprecatingly; "I am ready to believe better, when better is proved. I rob you of no good chance. As to speaking, I hold it a crime to expose a man's sin unless I'm clear it must be done to save the innocent. That is my way of thinking, Mr. Bulstrode, and what I say I've no need to swear. I wish you good-day."

Some hours later, when he was at home, Caleb said to his wife, incidentally, that he had had some little differences with Bulstrode, and that in consequence he had given up all notion of taking Stone Court, and indeed had resigned doing further business for him.

"He was disposed to interfere too much, was he?" said Mrs. Garth, imagining that her husband had been touched on his sensitive point, and not been allowed to do what he thought right as to materials and modes of work.

"Oh," said Caleb, bowing his head and waving his hand gravely. And Mrs. Garth knew that this was a sign of his not intending to speak further on the subject.

As for Bulstrode, he had almost immediately mounted his horse and set off for Stone Court, being anxious to arrive there before Lydgate.

His mind was crowded with images and conjectures, which were a language to his hopes and fears, just as we hear tones from the vibrations which shake our whole system. The deep humiliation with which he had winced under Caleb Garth's knowledge of his past, and rejection of his patronage, alternated with and almost gave way to the sense of safety in the fact that Garth, and no other, had been the man to whom Raffles had spoken. It seemed to him a sort of earnest that Providence intended his rescue from worse consequences; the way being thus left open for the hope of secrecy. That Raffles should be afflicted with illness, that he should have been led to Stone Court rather than elsewhere—Bulstrode's heart fluttered at the vision of probabilities which these events conjured up. If it should turn out that he was freed from all danger of disgrace—if he could breathe in perfect liberty—his life should be more consecrated than it had ever been before. He mentally lifted up this vow as if it would urge the result he longed for—he tried to believe in the potency of that prayerful resolution—its potency to determine death. He knew that he ought to say, "Thy will be done;" and he said it often. But the intense desire remained that the will of God might be the death of that hated man.

Yet when he arrived at Stone Court he could not see the change in Raffles without a shock. But for his pallor and feebleness, Bulstrode would have called the change in him entirely mental. Instead of his loud tormenting mood, he showed an intense, vague terror, and seemed to deprecate Bulstrode's anger, because the money was all gone—he had been robbed—it had half of it been taken from him. He had only come here because he was ill and somebody was hunting him—somebody was after him: he had told nobody any thing, he had kept his mouth shut. Bulstrode, not knowing the significance of these symptoms, interpreted this new nervous susceptibility into a means of alarming Raffles into true confessions, and taxed him with falsehood in saying that he had not told any thing, since he had just told the man who took him up in his gig and brought him to Stone Court. Raffles denied this with solemn adjurations; the fact being that the links of consciousness were interrupted in him, and that his minute terror-striken narrative to Caleb Garth had been delivered under a set of visionary impulses which had dropped back into darkness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A BARBER, while cutting the hair of a rural customer, ran his scissors against some hard substance, which proved to be a whetstone. The old farmer said he "had missed that whetstone ever since haying-time last July, and had looked all over a ten-acre field for it, but now remembered sticking it up over his ear."

A man who has invented a new recipe for cleaning clothes parades it in his advertisements under the standing head of "Every Man His Own Washerwoman!"

There is a little railroad at Bayou Sara, Louisiana, that runs to Woodville on a very uncertain schedule. A stranger came in the other day and inquired how often the steam-car made trips to the country. The party interrogated said, "Tri-weekly." "What do you mean by tri-weekly?" The answer was, "It goes up one week and tries to come down the next."

A gentleman gave a letter of introduction to a student of music about to visit Leipsic, who wished to put himself under the instruction of Professor ——, a famous teacher of music in the latter city. Upon the student's return home, the gentleman asked, "How did you like Professor —— ?" "Oh, wonderfully! He gave me fine lessons; but he is a very singular man. He kept praying all the time he was teaching me." "Praying! Why, what do you mean?" "Well, while I was playing, he clasped his hands, lifted his eyes to the ceiling, and kept saying, 'Good Lord, what sin have I committed to deserve this punishment?'"

THE LIQUID GRANT LIKES—Liquidation of the public debt.

A tradesman having bought a door-mat with the word *Salve* (welcome) in the centre, a country relative, on seeing the mat, remarked, "I say, Cousin John, what kind of salve is it that you make and advertise on your door-mat?"

"Vegetable pill!" exclaimed an old lady. "Don't talk to me of such stuff! The best vegetable pill ever made is an apple-dumpling. For destroying a gnawing in the stomach there is nothing like it. It always can be relied on."

ON KILLING LAMBS.—"Every one" has heard of the reply of the butcher to the sentimental lady remonstrating against the killing of innocent lambs—"Lor', ma'am, you wouldn't eat them alive, would you?" Apropos of this there is an anecdote of Goldsmith not commonly known. When he had written that beautiful stanza of the *Hermit*,

"No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by the Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them,"

he submitted it to (the future) Mrs. Goldsmith, who is said to have suggested the following improvement:

"No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn;
The butchers kill the sheep for me,
I buy the meat of them."

THE CHILDREN'S KINGDOM—Lap-land.

THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE.

My dearest, you are going out?
Indeed, 'tis very cold;
Let me, sweet love, around your neck
This handkerchief infold.

You know how anxious for your health,
My own dear George, am I.
One loving kiss before we part—
Good-by, sweet chuck, good-by!

THREE YEARS AFTER MARRIAGE.

You're going out!—why don't you go?
I can not help the rain.
You wouldn't grieve me mightily
To ne'er come back again!

Umbrella! I don't know where 'tis!
What 'll you want next, I wonder?
Don't pester me about your cold:
Good gracious!—go to thunder!

Base-ball is of much greater antiquity than is supposed. It was played in the Ark when the dove was "put out on a fly."

What is often found where it is not?—Fault.

Some time ago among the susceptible swains of Vicksburg was a young man named Montgomery, who had a sort of mixed passion for the Muses and a certain miss. As might be expected, he poured forth his soul in song, and sent his verses to the fair one, with a bouquet, after the fashion of Claude Melnotte in his worship of Pauline. But the course of true love did not run smoothly for our hero; his flowers were slighted, and his verses were sent back, with the following curt indorsement:

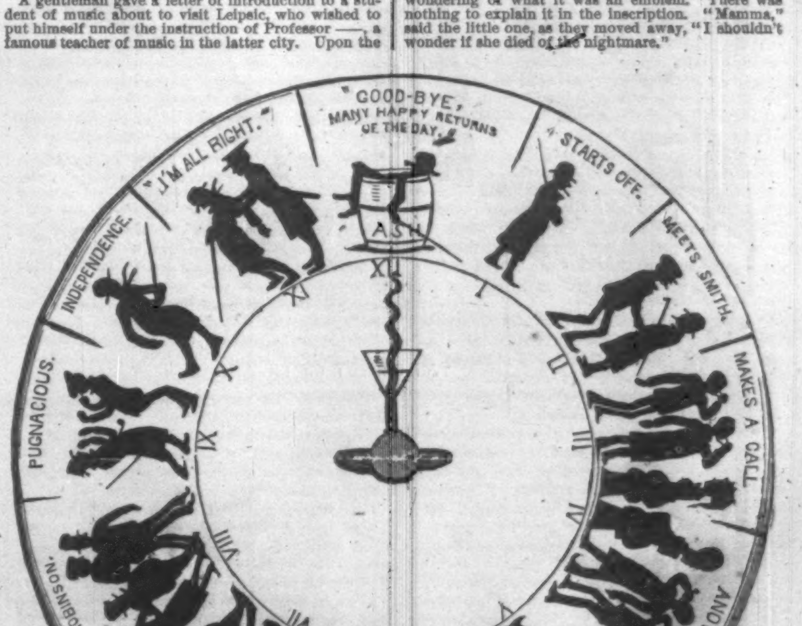
"Montgomery—Montgomer*i*—
What poetry! What poetr*i*!
Try it again; try it in prose.
How you'll succeed, nobody knows!"

Carpets bought by the yard are worn out by the foot.

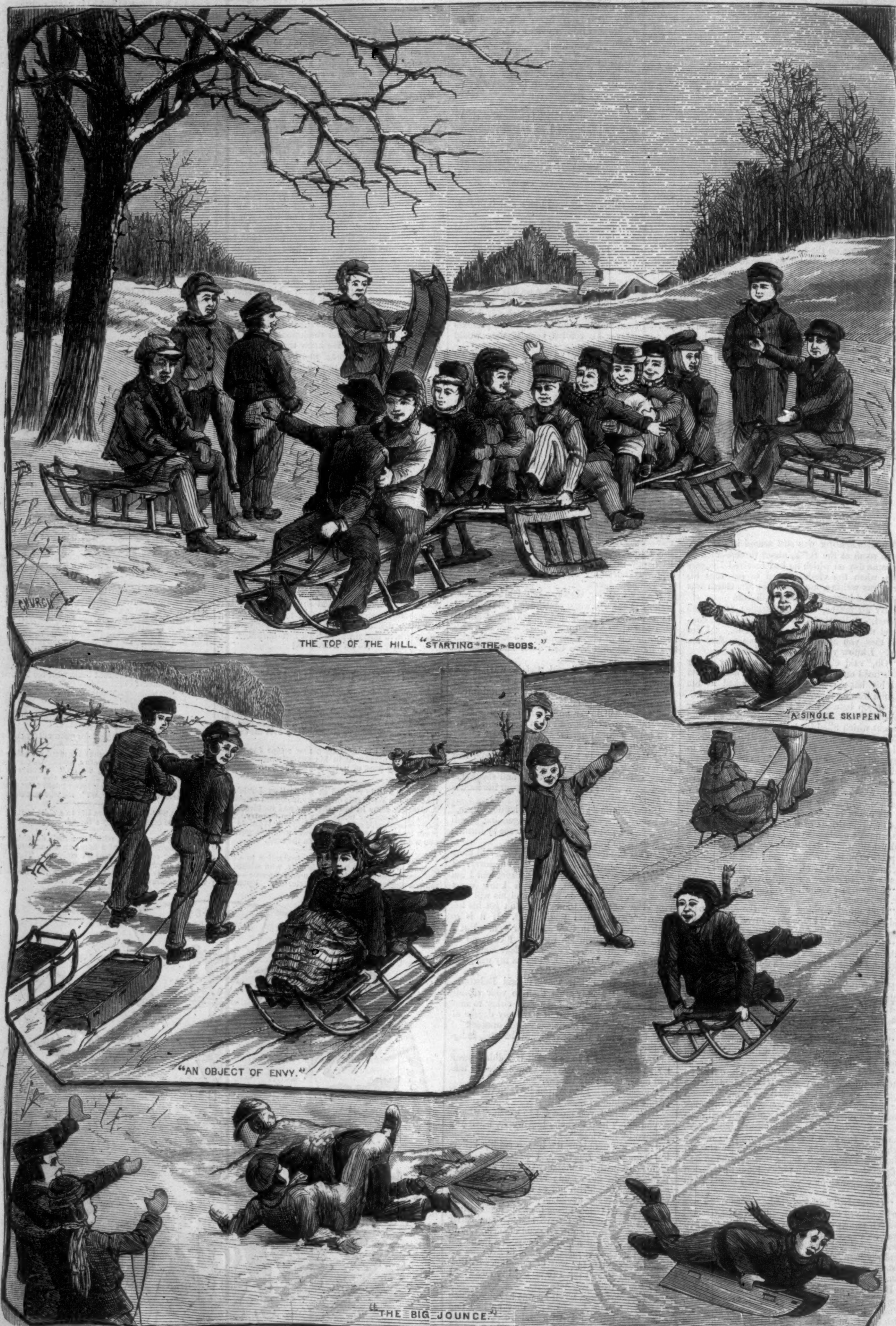
"Do you cast things here?" inquired a Yankee the other day, as he sauntered into a foundry and addressed the proprietor. "Yes, we do." "You cast all kinds of things in iron, eh?" was the next query. "Certainly; don't you see it is our business?" "Ah! well, cast a shadow, will you?" He was cast out.

An old bachelor compares life to a shirt button, because it so often hangs by a thread.

A mother, who had with her a little daughter, was examining the figure of a horse on a tombstone, and wondering of what it was an emblem. There was nothing to explain it in the inscription. "Mamma," said the little one, as they moved away, "I shouldn't wonder if she died of the nightmare."



NEW-YEAR'S CALLS—HOW BROWN WENT ROUND THE CLOCK.



"THE TIME WHEN WE WERE BOYS."—[DRAWN BY T. S. CHURCH.]

RICH AND POOR.—[DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, JUN.]

(Continued from No. 834, page 1016.)

STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

Book the First.

CHAPTER IV.

"O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We, here below,
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Vie honor with yourselves."

A PERFECT lull in the summer winds, a sultry silence in the air; Tabor lying stilly under the beeches, dark and polished as a mirror of Damascus steel, not a bulrush stirring on its margent, not a lily trembling on its bosom. There seemed almost a profanity in happy talk and laughter in that silent wood, where the great beeches that were crop-eared by Cromwell spread their gnarled limbs under the hot blue sky.

Mr. Luttrell's party, however, do not pause in their mirth to consider the fitness of things. It boots not them to ask whether Lawborough Beeches be not a scene more suited to Miltonic musings than to the consumption of lobster-salad and galantine de veau. They ask each other for salt and bread and bitter ale while the lark pierces the topmost heavens with purest melody. They set Champagne corks flying against the giant beechen trunks. They revel in clotted cream and syllabub, and small-talk and flirtation, under the solemn shadow of that leafy dell; and then, when they have spent nearly two hours in a business-like absorption of solids and fluids, or in playful trifling with the lightest of the viands, as the case may be, the picnickers abandon the scene of the banquet, and wander away in little clusters of three or four, or in solitary couples, dispersing themselves throughout the wood, nay, even beyond, to a broad stretch of rugged heath that borders it on one side, or to the slope of a hill which shelters it on the other. Some tempt the dangers of smooth-faced Tabor in Fred Melvin's trim-built wherry, or in the punt which has conveyed a brace of Oxonians, James and Horace Elgood, the sons of one of the squires whose broad pastures border the town of Hawleigh.

Mr. Melvin has been anxious that Elizabeth should trust herself upon that silver flood.

"You know you're fond of boating," he pleads; "and if you haven't seen much of the Tabor this way, it's worth your while to come. The banks are a picture—no end of flowers—'I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows,' and that kind of thing. One would think Shakspeare had taken his notion from hereabouts."

"As if the Avon had no thymy banks!" exclaimed Elizabeth, contemptuously. "I don't care about boating this afternoon, thank you, Mr. Melvin. I am going for a walk."

She glanced at Malcolm Forde as she spoke, almost pleadingly, as if she would have said, Give me one idle hour of your life. They had sat far apart at the banquet, Gertrude having contrived to keep the curate at her side; they had traveled from Hawleigh in different carriages, and had exchanged hardly half a dozen sentences up to this stage of the entertainment. It seemed to Elizabeth as if they were fated never to be together. Already she began to think the picnic a failure. "I only wanted it for the sake of being with him," she said to herself, hopelessly.

And here was that empty-headed Fred Melvin worrying her to go in his boat, while Malcolm Forde stood by, leaning against the gray trunk of a pollard willow, listlessly gazing at the river, and said never a word.

"Let Forde punt you down the river as far as the weir," cried one of the Oxonians, coming unconsciously to her relief. "There's an empty punt lying idle yonder, the one that brought the Towers party; and Forde was one of the best punters at Oxford."

Mr. Forde had gone up for his degree at a late stage of his existence, after he left the army, and his repute was known to these youngsters.

"There's nothing like a punt in this kind of weather, Miss Luttrell," said the Oxonian, as he rolled up his shirt sleeves and prepared himself to convoy a boat-load of young ladies in voluminous muslin skirts; "such a nice, lazy way of getting along."

He stood up high above his freight, plunged his pole deep into the quiet water, and skimmed athwart the river with a slow, noiseless motion soothing to see upon a summer afternoon, while Elizabeth was silently blessing him.

Mr. Forde did at last awake from his reverie.

"Shall I get the punt?" he asked; "and will you come?"

"I should like it of all things," she answered, gently. She was not going to hazard the loss of this perfect happiness by any ill-timed coquetry. Yes, it was perfect happiness to be with him; she acknowledged as much as that to herself, if she did not acknowledge any more.

"I suppose I think so much of him simply because he thinks nothing of me," she said to herself, musingly, while Mr. Forde had gone a little way down the bank to fetch the punt.

He came back presently, with his coat off and his sleeves rolled up like the Oxonians, skillfully navigating his rude bark with lengthy, vigorous arms that had pulled in the university eight. It was the first time that Elizabeth had seen him on the river, and she wondered a little to find him master of this secular accomplishment. He brought the broad stem of the punt against the bank at her feet.

"Wouldn't your sister Blanche like to go with us?" he asked, looking round in quest of that young lady. But Blanche had gone off in the wherry with the Melvin set—Miss Pooley, the doctor's daughter; the Misses Cumden, the rich manufacturer's daughters; Captain Danvers; and Mr. Pynsent. Shrill laughter sounded from the reedy shores beyond the sharp curve of the river. Even James Elgood's punt was out of sight. They had the river all to themselves. Utter loneliness seemed to have come upon the scene. The sound of that shrill laughter dwindled and died away, and these two stood alone in the sweet summer silence, between sunlight and shadow, on the brink of deep, still Tabor.

Elizabeth lingered on the bank, doubtful whether it would not be the proper course to wait for some stray reveler to join them before she took her place in the boat. A *tête-à-tête* excursion with Mr. Forde would entail sundry lectures from Gertrude, a general sense of disapproval perhaps in her small world. But Malcolm Forde stretched out his strong arm and calmly handed her into the punt. It was quite a luxurious kind of thing, as punts go, provided with a red cushion on one of the broad, clumsy seats, and a tin vessel for bailing out unnecessary water.

She seated herself in the stern, and they drifted away slowly, softly over the still blue water. It was the first time they had been together, and alone, since the morning when she called upon him at his lodgings.

For some time there was silence, sweet silence, only broken by the hum of insect life around them, and the sky-lark's song in the clear vault above. The navigation of a punt is not a very difficult business; but it requires some attention, and Tabor's windings involved some small amount of care in the navigation. This made a fair excuse for Mr. Forde's silence, and Elizabeth was content—content to watch the dark thoughtful face, the finely cut profile, the deep gray eyes, grave almost to severity; content to ponder on his life, wondering if it were hard work and careful thought for others that had blanched the ruddier tints from his somewhat sunken cheek, or whether he was by nature pale; wondering if that grave dignity, which made him different from the common race of curates, wore an earnest of future eminence, if he were verily born to greatness, and a bishopric awaiting him in the days to come; wondering idly about this thing and that, her fancies playing round him, like the flickering shadows on his figure as the boat shot under the trees, and she supremely content to be in his company. Perhaps, since she had more than all a woman's faults and weaknesses, it may have been some gratification to her to consider that this boating excursion would occasion some jealous twinges in the well-ordered mind of her eldest sister.

"Gertrude has such a way of appropriating people," she said to herself, "and I really believe Mr. Forde considers her a paragon."

The navigation grew easier by-and-by, as Tabor became less weedy. The banks, now high and broken, now sloping gently, were rich in varying beauty; but it was not of wild flowers or shivering rushes that Elizabeth thought in that slow summer voyage. The banks slid by like pictures gently shifting as she looked; now a herd of lazy kine, fetlock deep in the odorous after-math, and then a little copse of ancient hawthorn, and then a silvery creek darkly shadowed here and there by drooping willows that had grown aslant the stream. She was faintly conscious of these things, and felt a vague delight in them; but her thoughts were all of Malcolm Forde.

"Did you ever hear that story of Andrew Marvell's father?" he said at last, breaking that lazy silence which had seemed only a natural element of the warm summer afternoon. There was a straight stretch of water now before him; so he laid down his pole, and seated himself in the bows with a pair of sculls. "He was a Hull man, you know, and a clergyman, and was going across the Humber to marry a couple in Lincolnshire. He was seized with a strange presentiment on stepping into the boat, and flung his walking-stick ashore, crying, 'Ho, for heaven!' The presage was not a false one, for old Marvell was drowned. The story came into my mind just now, when we left the bank, and I couldn't help feeling that it would be a pleasant way of solving the problem of life to shoot midstream at randon, crying out, 'Ho, for heaven!' like that old Puritan parson."

"It would be very nice if heaven could be reached so easily," said Elizabeth, who had a feeling that for her the pilgrimage from this world to a better one must needs be difficult. She had never yet felt herself heavenly minded; of the earth, earthy rather, with mundane longings for an opera-box and a barouche-and-pair.

"But I did not think you were tired of life, Mr. Forde."

"Not exactly tired, but at times perplexed. I sometimes doubt whether I am doing much good in Hawleigh—whether, indeed, I am doing any thing that a man of less energy and ambition might not do just as well."

"You feel like an eagle doing the work of a crow," she answered, smiling. "I can fancy that Hawleigh must seem a narrow field for you. When you have persuaded people to decorate the churches, and attend the early services, and taught the choir to sing a little better, and bought surplices for the boys, it seems as if there was nothing left for you to do. I should think in a populous sea-port, now, where there are narrow streets and a great many wicked people, you would have a wider sphere."

"There might be more to do in a place of that kind," he said, thoughtfully. "It wouldn't seem quite so much like a gardener's work in a trim, smooth garden, always going over the same flower beds, dragging up a little weed here and there, or cutting a withered branch. But that is not my dream. The field of action that I have thought about and longed for lies far away from England."

He was looking, not at Elizabeth, but above her head, along the shining river, as if he did indeed with his bodily eyes behold that wider land, that distant world of which he spoke.

Elizabeth grew pale with horror.

"You surely don't mean that you have ever thought of turning missionary?" she exclaimed.

"That has been my thought sometimes, when my work here has seemed wasted labor."

She was inexpressibly shocked. The very idea was disagreeable to her. There was even a kind of commonness, in her mind, in the image of a missionary. She imagined him a Low-Church person, not very far removed from a dissenter, a man who let his hair grow long and was indifferent as to the fashion of his garments; such a man as she had heard hold forth, in short trowsers and thick boots, at a meeting for the propagation of the Gospel. She did not imagine that the commonness was in her own mind, which could not perceive the width and grandeur in that sublime idea of gathering all the nations into one flock. It had never occurred to her that South Sea Islanders were of any importance in the scheme of creation; that university men in this privileged quarter of the globe owed any duty to dusky heathens dancing strange dances in distant groves of palm and banyan under a hot blue sky.

"Oh, I hope you would never think of such a desperate thing," she said, with a little piteous look that touched him strangely. "It seems a kind of moral suicide."

"Say rather a second birth," he answered; "the beginning of a new and wider life—a life worth living."

"You must care very little for any one on this side of the world, when you can talk so calmly of going to the other."

"I have very few to care for," he replied, gravely. "My family ties are represented by a bachelor uncle in Aberdeenshire—a grim old man, who farms a wild sheep-walk of five thousand acres or so, and lives in a lonely homestead, where he hears few sounds except the lowing of his kine and the roar of the German Ocean. I think I am just the right kind of man for a missionary; and if you knew the story of my life, and the circumstance that led to my change of profession, I fancy you would agree with me."

"But I know nothing of your life," Elizabeth cried, impatiently. She was unreasonably angry with him for this missionary project, almost as angry as if it had been a deliberate wrong done to herself. "You came to us a stranger, and you have remained a stranger to us, though you have been at Hawleigh more than a year. You are so reserved—not like papa's other curates, who were only too glad to pour out their inmost feelings, as it were. I'm sure I knew every detail of Mr. Dysart's family—his papa's opinions, his mamma's little peculiarities, the color of all his sisters' hair, even the history of the gentlemen to whom the sisters were engaged. And it was almost the same with Mr. Horton. Mr. Adderley was fonder of prosing about himself than his surroundings, and I don't think the poor young man ever had an idea in his rather narrow brain that he did not impart to us."

"You see I am not of so communicative a disposition," said Mr. Forde, smiling; "and when there has been one great sorrow in a life, as there has in mine, it is apt to assume an unnatural proportion to the rest, and obscure all minor details. I had a great loss five years before I came to Hawleigh. I have often been inclined to tell you all about it, especially of late, since I have seen your character in its most amiable light. But these things are painful to speak of, and my loss was a very bitter one."

"You are speaking of the death of your mother?" inquired Elizabeth, trembling a little, with a strange, sharp dread.

"No; my mother died fifteen years ago. That loss was bitter, but it was one for which I had been long prepared. The later loss was utterly unexpected, and shattered the very fabric of my life."

"I should like to hear about it," said Elizabeth, her face bent over the water, one idle hand drawn loosely through the tide.

"I am assured that you are kind and sympathetic," he said, "or I should never have touched upon this subject. I never had a sister, and perhaps on that account have not acquired the habit of confession. But—but—" very slowly, and with a curious hesitation, "I think I should like to talk to you—about her; about Alice Fraser, the woman who was to have been my wife."

The face bent over the river flushed crimson, the little white hand shivered in the tide; but Elizabeth spoke no word.

"When I went to India with my regiment—it was just after the mutiny—I left my promised wife behind me. We were old friends, had been playfellows even, though the little Scotch lassie was ten years younger than I. She was the daughter of a Scotch parson, a man of noble mind and widest reading, and the best friend and counselor I ever had. I will not try to tell you what she was like. To me she seemed perfection, pretty enough to be charming, full of brightness and vivacity, yet with a depth and earnestness in her nature that made me—her senior by ten years—feel that here was a staff to lean upon through all the journey of life. I can not tell you how I revered this girl of nineteen. You will think, perhaps, that she was self-opinionated, or what people call strong-minded; but there was never a more simple, unassuming nature. She had been educated by her father, and on a wider plan than the common scheme of a woman's teaching. Of late years she had shared his studies, and had been his chosen companion in every hour of leisure. Of her goodness to the people round about her I can not trust myself to speak; her memory is cherished in Lanorgie as the memory of a saint. I doubt if, among all who knew her well in that simple flock, there is one who could speak of her even now without tears."

He paused for some few minutes, perhaps lost in thought, recalling that remote Scottish village, and the sweet girlish face that had been the light of his life six years ago. The oars dipped gently in the river, the boat glided onward with imperceptible motion, and Elizabeth sat silent with her face still bent over the water, dragging the long green river-weeds through her cold white fingers.

"She had the very slightest Scottish accent—an accent that gave a plaintive tone to her voice, like music in a minor key. She was slender and fragile, just about the middle height, very fair, but very pale, with soft brown hair—the sort of woman a painter would choose for Imogen or Ophelia; not an objective nature, strongly marked with its own individuality; subjective rather, yet strong enough to resist all evil. A bad husband might have broken her heart, but he would never have sullied her mind."

He stopped again, laid down his sculls, and drew the boat under the reedy bank. Elizabeth was obliged to look up now. The little gray straw hat with its convenient shadow hid the change in her face in some measure, but not entirely, for Mr. Forde observed that she was very pale.

"I fear you are tired," he said, "or that my dreary talk has wearied you."

"No, no; go on. She must have been very good."

"She had less of humanity's alloy than any creature I ever knew," he answered. "I used to think that it would be a privilege for any man—the best even—to spend his life in her company. There was one subject that gave her great pain, and that was the fact of my profession. To her gentle spirit there was something horrible in a soldier's career. She could not see the nobler side of my calling. And I loved her too well to hold by any thing that gave her pain. I promised her that I would sell out immediately on my return from foreign service, and I kept my word."

"It was not of your own accord, then, that you left the army?" asked Elizabeth, absently, as if only half her brain were following his words.

"No; it was entirely to please Alice. I sacrificed my own inclinations in the matter. That conviction which has become the very keystone of my life since then is a faith that grew out of my great sorrow. I can not tell you the rest of the story too briefly. I went back to Lanorgie a free man. I was to be a farmer—a country gentleman on a small scale—any thing Alice pleased, in the district where I was born. My sweet girl was to live forever among the people she loved. Our life was to be Arcadian—a pastoral poem. We were both very happy. I can safely declare that there was not left in my mind one spark of mankind's common desire of success or distinction. The long calm years stretched themselves out before me in sweet, eventless happiness."

"You must have loved her very much?"

"If you could measure my love by the change it made in me, you would have good reason to say so. I had been as eager as other young men for name, position, wealth, pleasure—perhaps even more eager. But Alice's love filled my mind with a great content. She made herself the sum of my life. I desired nothing beyond the peaceful circle of the home that she and I were to share together. Well, Miss Luttrell"—this with a sudden abruptness, as if the words were wrenched from him—"it was a common trouble enough when it came. Our wedding-day was fixed; her old father—every one was happy. The last touch had been put to our new home; a house I had built for my darling upon a hill-side facing the sea, on my own land. Every thing was arranged—our little trip southward after the wedding had been planned between us on the map one sweet summer evening. We parted at her father's door; she a little graver than usual—but that seemed natural on the threshold of so great a change. When I went to the manse next morning, they told me she was not quite well—that her father's old friend, the village doctor, recommended her to keep her room for a day or two, and to see no one. She had had a little too much excitement and fatigue lately. I reproached myself bitterly for our long walks on the hills and by the rugged sea-shore we both loved so well. All she wanted was perfect rest.

"They kept me off like this for nearly a week, now confessing reluctantly that she was not quite so well, now cheering me with the assurance that she was better. Then one morning I heard they had sent to Glasgow for a physician. After that I insisted upon seeing her.

"She did not know me. I stood beside her bed, and the sweet blue eyes looked up at me, but she was unconscious. The physicians acknowledged that it was a case of typhoid fever. There was very little ground for hope. Yet we did hope—blindly—to the last. I telegraphed for other doctors. But we could not save her. She died in my arms at daybreak on the day that was to have seen us married.

"I will not speak of the dead blank that followed her death—of the miserable time in which I could think of nothing but the one fact of my loss. The time came at last when I could think of her more calmly, and then I set myself to consider what I could do, now she was gone, to prove that I had loved her—what tribute I could render to my dead. It was then I thought of entering the Church—of devoting myself, so far as in me lay, to the good of others—of leading such a life as she would have blessed. That is the origin of all I have done, of all I hope to do. That is the end of my story, Miss Luttrell. I trust I have not tired you very much. I thought we should be better friends if you knew more about my past."

"I am very glad," she answered, gently. "I

have sometimes fancied there must be something in your life—some sorrowful memory: not that there has ever seemed any thing gloomy in your character; but you are so much more in earnest, altogether so unlike papa's other curates."

A faint little blush lit up the pale face as she said this, remembering that he differed most widely from these gentlemen in his total inability to appreciate herself.

Yes, she had fancied there was some bitter memory in his past; but not this. His confidence had strangely shocked her. It was inexpressibly painful to her to discover that his love—and so profound a love—had been all lavished upon another woman years ago; that were she, Elizabeth Luttrell, twice as lovely, twice as fascinating as she was, she could never be any thing to him. He had chosen his type of womanly perfection; he had given away all the feeling, all the passion, that it was in him to give, long before he had seen her face.

"Did he suppose that—that I was beginning to think too much of him," she said to herself, blushing indignantly, "and tell me this story by way of a warning? Oh no, no! his manner was too straightforward for that. He thinks that I am good—thinks that I am able to sympathize with him, to pity him, to be sorry for that dead girl. And I am not. I think I am jealous of her in her grave."

The boat glides softly on. They come to a curve of the river, and to Mr. Melvin's party returning noisily.

"You are not going to take Miss Elizabeth any farther, are you?" cries Frederick. "We are going back to tea. How slow you've been! We went as far as the Bells, and had some shandy-gaff."

Mr. Forde turned his clumsy bark, and all the voyage back was noisy with the talk of the Melvin party and the Oxonians' punt-load of vivacious humanity. They were all in holiday spirits, laughing on the faintest provocation at the smallest imaginable jokes. Elizabeth thought it the most dismal business. All the sunshine was taken out of her afternoon; Tabor seemed a sullen, ugly stream, flowing between flat, weedy banks. But she could not afford to let other people perceive her depression—Mr. Forde above all. She was obliged to affect amusement at those infinitesimal jokes, those stale witticisms, while she was thinking all the time of that thrice-blessed woman whom Malcolm Forde had loved, and who had timely died while his passion was yet in its first bloom and freshness.

"I dare say if she had gone on living he would have been tired of her by this time," she said to herself, in a cynical mood. "She would have been his wife of ever so many years' standing, with a herd of small children, perhaps, on her mind, and just as commonplace as all the wives one knows—women whose intellects hardly soar above nurse-maids and pinafores. How much better to be a sacred memory all his life than a prosaic fact in his every-day existence!"

After this, Elizabeth felt as if she could have no more pleasure in Malcolm Forde's society. Her selfish soul revolted against the idea that the memory of his dead was more to him than any favor her friendship could bestow; that she was divided from him by the width of a grave.

"I wish his Alice had lived, and he staid among his native hills with the rest of the Scotch barbarians," she said to herself. "I don't think I've been quite happy since I've known him. He makes one feel such a contemptible creature, with his grand ideas of what a woman ought to be; and then, after one has tried one's hardest to be good against one's very nature, he coolly informs one that there never was but one perfect woman in the world, and that she lies among the Scottish hills, with his heart buried in her grave."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

WE have already informed our readers that the salmon-hatching experiment of Mr. ATKINS on the Penobscot River, at Bucksport, has proved a success, a million and a half of healthy eggs having been obtained from the six hundred fish caught in the summer and penned up until the spawning season, at the end of October. We learn that very little mortality has been experienced, and that by the 1st of December the circulation had already become established in the eggs taken earliest, and that the embryo fish are quite sensitive. Mr. ATKINS expects to have these eggs sufficiently advanced for distribution to subscribers as early as January 15, this distribution to be continued six weeks or two months from that date.

The Circumnavigation Committee of the Royal Society, appointed to prepare instructions for the use of the great expedition of the *Challenger*, to which allusion has been made in our columns, has lately presented a report, which has been transmitted to the Admiralty. The communication is made in considerable detail, and will serve as an excellent basis for operations of a similar character on the part of the United States. After rehearsing the route as planned by the Admiralty, and which we have already given to our readers, the report takes up successively the subjects of physical observations, chemical observations, botanical and zoological observations, and miscellaneous operations.

Under the head of Physical Observations the points indicated as worthy of special attention are, first, the surface temperatures of the sea, as also of the air; these to be taken regularly every two hours during the day and night. Second, temperature soundings, and the determination not only of the bottom temperature, but also of the intermediate strata. For deep-water serial soundings those from 250 fathoms down to 1250 are considered desirable, after which the intervals are to be filled up in such details as may seem important. For this the instrument devised by Mr. SIEMENS is considered especially adapted, although it is to be used in conjunction with the CASELLA-MILLER thermometer, the special object of this being to ascertain how far the two instruments are comparable. It is anticipated that the most important results will be in the Southern oceans.

The determination of the movements of the ocean are to be discussed under the twofold division of surface currents and under-flow, both to be prosecuted with the apparatus already in use by the Admiralty. Tidal observations and bench-marks, the specific gravity of the water, the transparency of the water, and the relation of barometric pressure to latitude, are also to be carefully attended to.

Under the head of Chemical Observations samples of sea-water are to be collected for chemical analysis, and portions of it boiled *in vacuo*, and the amount and nature of the gases ascertained. Specimens of the sea-bottom are to be brought up, and carefully dried and preserved for future investigation. The gases contained in the swimming-bladders of fishes caught near the surface and at different depths are also considered worthy of attention. It is thought that determinations of the chlorine in sea-water can be made under ordinary circumstances, but that no trustworthy analyses of gases can be made on board ship, unless in harbor.

The Botanical work is to include collections of plants of all interesting localities, and observations upon life, history, and structure in special cases. Certain islands are mentioned in the report, the botany of which is almost unknown. Among those indicated are, in the Atlantic Ocean, Fernando de Noronha, Trinidad, and Martin Vaz (off the Brazilian coast), and Diego Ramirez; in the Indian Ocean, the Amirantes, Socotra, Prince Edward's, the Crozet, and the Marion groups; in the Pacific Ocean, the Marshall and Caroline islands, Mas-a-fuera, Pitcairn, Bounty, Antipodes, Emerald, and Macquarie islands.

The indications in regard to botanical research are extremely full and ample, and will doubtless elicit satisfactory responses. The Zoological instructions are given in rather less detail, on the ground that the director, Professor WYVILLE THOMSON, is an accomplished zoologist, and has had much experience in marine exploration, and is fully aware of the desiderata.

Under the head of Concluding Observations attention is invited to the geology of districts hitherto unexplored, the propriety of taking photographs of native races to one scale, and of making the necessary observations in regard to their personal history and past condition. Collections of hairs of the unmixed races are considered to be valuable. Each station is to have a special number associated with it in the regular journal of the day's proceedings, to be noted prominently on every thing connected with that station, so that in case of labels being lost, or other references failing, the conditions of the dredging or other observations may be easily ascertained by reference to the number in the journal. All specimens procured are to be carefully preserved in spirit or otherwise, and packed in cases with the contents noted. A diary, giving the general proceedings and results of each day, is to be kept by the scientific director, with the assistance of his secretary, and each member of the scientific staff is provided with a note-book in which to enter any observations and proceedings; this to be submitted to the scientific director, who will then abstract the results and incorporate them, to be sent home to the Admiralty at every available opportunity.

We are glad to learn that the Hydrographic Office at Washington proposes to reprint this pamphlet for the use of the United States navy.

The expedition, under Commander EDWARD P. LITTLE, United States Navy, intended to renew the surveys for an interoceanic canal through Nicaragua, is in an advanced state of forwardness, and soon leaves for Greytown. At that point it will disembark, and proceed up the San Juan River to the lake, and afterward Captain LITTLE will divide his force into two parties of about twenty-five men each for the further prosecution of his labors. Dr. J. F. BRANSFORD will accompany the expedition in the capacity of surgeon and naturalist, and will, it is understood, pay particular attention to collecting zoological specimens. The other officers of the expedition will be Lieutenant-Commander SCHULTZ and Lieutenant JEFFERSON P. MOSER, both of whom have seen service in the Darien expedition.

Professor MARSH and party returned on the 7th of December from the Rocky Mountains and Western Kansas, where they had spent the two preceding months in geological researches. They bring back a large number of vertebrate fossils from the cretaceous and tertiary formations of the West, including many new and interesting mammals, birds, and reptiles. Among the treasures secured during the trip was a nearly entire skeleton of *Hesperornis regalis* Marsh (the gigantic diving bird of the cretaceous), numerous remains of pterodactyls, and a second species of the peculiar genus of cretaceous birds with biconcave vertebræ (*Ichthyornis*). The remains indicate a bird rather larger than *Ichthyornis dispar* Marsh, but of more slender proportions. It may readily be distinguished from that species by the sacrum, which is proportionally more elongated, and has the cup of the posterior vertebral face more deeply concave. This species Professor MARSH called *Ichthyornis celer*, and the group of birds now represented by the two species constitute the family of *Ichthyornidæ*.

In an elaborate paper by BEHM and WAGNER, published in PETERMANN'S *Mittheilungen*, we have the result of a careful inquiry into the present population of the globe, the summation of their results being as follows: Europe, 301,600,000; Asia, 794,000,000; Australia and Polynesia, 4,365,000; Africa, 192,520,000; America, 84,524,000; or a total of 1,377,000,000. These figures are derived from the estimates or statistics of population for the years 1869, 1870, and 1871.

In the enumeration of the population of towns, London stands at the head, with 3,251,000; next Su-tchoo, in China, with 2,000,000; Paris, 1,835,000; Pekin, 1,648,000; Jeddo, 1,554,000; Canton, 1,236,000; Constantinople, 1,075,000; Siang-tan, China, 1,000,000; Tchang-tchoufoo, China, 1,000,000; New York, 942,292; Vienna, 833,855; Berlin, 825,389.

General BANKS has introduced a bill into Congress to provide for the determination of the boundary line between the British possessions on the Pacific coast and the Territory of Alaska. It contemplates the appointment of a commissioner, a chief astronomer, and a surveyor, to act with officers to be named by Great Britain, together with an assistant astronomer and surveyor, a secretary to the commissioner, and a clerk to the chief astronomer and surveyor, to be appointed by the President. For the purpose of aiding in the demarkation of said line, the President is authorized to direct the employment of the Coast Survey and its officers and vessels as he may deem necessary or useful, and he may detail officers of the regular army of the United States for the purposes of the expedition.

The inquiries of Mr. LIVINGSTON STONE, made under the direction of Professor BAIRD, United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, in relation to the salmon of California, have revealed a very remarkable difference in the eggs of that species as compared with those of the true *Salmo salar* of the Eastern States. The most noticeable fact is their relatively small number, the former having 700 to the pound instead of 1000. The eggs are, of course, appreciably larger than those of the Atlantic coast, being almost equal in size to a common whortleberry. Owing probably to the higher temperature of the water, or to other causes, the development is much more rapid, since the eye spots are visible in the eggs within nineteen days after impregnation, and they begin to hatch in twenty-four days afterward, making a total of only forty-three days as the period of incubation.

The hatching water varied in temperature from 55° to 65° and even 70° every day, so that it is difficult to say what is the average temperature for the hatching period; but Mr. STONE estimates this at 58° to 60°. Fourteen hours out of the twenty-four—namely, from 6 o'clock P.M. to 8 o'clock A.M.—the water averaged nearly 55°.

The eggs after spawning were treated according to the dry method of impregnation, and the experiments were successful in nearly every instance.

Another curious fact noticed by Mr. STONE was the entire absence of female grilse, all, of the great number observed on the M'Cloud River, being males; and indeed he remarks that he has never seen a female grilse elsewhere, although persons assured him that they had had a different experience.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

TIMES have not changed since, many years ago, Charles Dickens wrote:

"The streets were full of motion, and the shops were decked out gayly. The New-Year, like an infant heir to the whole world, was waited for with welcomes, presents, and rejoicings. There were books and toys for the New-Year, glittering trinkets for the New-Year, dresses for the New-Year, schemes of fortune for the New-Year; new inventions to beguile it. Its life was parceled out in almanacs and pocket-books; the coming of its moons and stars and tides was known beforehand to the moment....The New-Year, the New-Year. Every where the New-Year!"

With some regrets we may say good-by to 1872, as to an old friend who has served us faithfully and well. We will not forget him; but since from him we can only gather counsel and warning, we turn hopefully to his vigorous and helpful successor—1873.

The Chicago Free Library opens with the New-Year, with about six thousand volumes. But the books which have been donated are, in many cases, of comparatively little value. There is a great lack of reference-books as well as of light literature; and there is still plenty of vacant room on the shelves.

It must be remarkably handy—*sometimes*—for a young scientific student to be in possession of a natural microscope. The latest wonder in England is a boy with microscopic eyes. When quite young his eyes were diseased, and he nearly lost his sight. When he recovered it was found that the structure of the eye had been essentially changed, and he possessed the faculty of seeing minute objects magnified to a marvelous degree. Distant objects he can not distinguish; but the magnifying power of his vision is stated at five thousand diameters. Once he accidentally discovered a vast number of infusoria in the water he was drinking. The sight so thoroughly frightened him that he has never been willing to examine any water since. The wonder is how he can help it. Probably he resolutely closes his eyes while drinking, and considers the dose a necessary evil.

Dueling is not to be countenanced hereafter by the Italian government. Certain participants in recent duels have been imprisoned or exiled, and the government has announced its determination to put an end to the practice. This is a step in the right direction; but public sentiment in Italy must be educated to regard moral courage as more noble than physical courage before dueling can be thoroughly banished.

Among the various famous baths of Europe perhaps none are more remarkable than the peat baths at Spa, in Belgium. They are composed of the peat of that neighborhood, which is rich in organic and inorganic substances, and is regarded as a specific in chronic rheumatism and cutaneous affections. The bath is thus described by a physician:

"The sensation created by the peat bath is, in my opinion, the most pleasurable that can possibly be excited by any bath. The warm, unctuous, elastic medium gives support, and yields at the same time to our moving limbs. However forbidding the black broth may look, if you are once seated in the *baignoire*, the titilating effect exercised by the semi-liquid mass on the peripheric ends of the nerves is extremely agreeable, and you leave it with regret."

Notwithstanding all the doctor says, we incline to the opinion that, for the pleasure of the thing, we should choose the simple liquid called water.

The new cross-town line of horse-cars on Twenty-third Street ought to be a success. New York has always lacked conveyances across the city. The cars are small, holding sixteen persons.

The new Grand Vizier of Turkey is said to have formerly been a workman in a tobacco factory, and afterward a waiter in a hotel. He is still noted for his simple habits and his strict economy.

It is well known that when an inventor applies to the Patent-office for a patent an exact drawing of the new article or device must accompany the application. This drawing must be done with great care in India ink, on Bristol-board, ten by fifteen inches in size, with one inch as margin. All lines must be clear and sharp, and absolutely black, with little shading. The rules of the Patent-office are thus strict in regard to the drawings to secure facility and legibility in their publication. They are reproduced by the photo-lithograph process, which involves the production of a photographic glass negative from the drawing; and the clearer the drawing, the better will be the negative and the prints. Three negatives of different sizes are produced from each drawing—one of very small size for the *Official Gazette*, one of medium size for bound volumes of patents, and one of large size for attachment to the patent when issued.

At the studio of Miss Edmonia Lewis in Rome there are, yet unfinished, a statue of Abraham Lincoln for the Central Park, one of John Brown for the Union League Club, and one of Longfellow for Yale College.

John Brown—there are many John Browns, but we refer, just now, to Queen Victoria's personal attendant—was a raw country lad twenty-four years ago, and was taken from his father's house to fill a humble situation in the royal household. For fourteen years he served in an inferior capacity, when, his sterling qualities having been discovered, the royal favor was shown by his promotion to the post he now occupies. His address is not polished, but his frank, manly manners, his cheery good nature, and his sturdy independence are singularly attractive. His intimate knowledge of the country and of the people is of great value, and his quick perceptions and presence of mind render him a safe guide. On several occasions he has rescued the Queen from perilous situations.

The following anecdote is related of Mr. Greeley, who is well known to have been throughout life a stanch advocate of temperance. Through all the campaign he sat at public dinners and suppers where wine and spirit flowed freely, but he never passed the bottle or touched the liquor himself. The waiters who knew his temperance principles were generally puzzled what to do when they came to the row of glasses fronting his plate, as they fronted all others. Usually they were directed by a look or gesture of the master of ceremonies to pass him by in silence, but on one occasion an Irish waiter would not abide such an apparent breach of hospitality.

"Hadn't ye betther take something, Sir, to get up an appetite, like, after your long ride, Sir?" the hospitable Hibernian whispered to the startled sage. "A little brandy-and-water, now, would do ye good—it would, upon me soul, Sir."

The heartiness of the appeal touched the philosopher. He recognized the ring of true hospitality in its tones, and his heart relented at the idea of depressing such sterling virtue by a continued refusal.

"Brandy-and-water?" said he. "Well, Pat, I'll take half that to oblige you. Give me the water, and let some one else have the brandy."

Corn is said to be a cheaper article for fuel in Iowa, than wood. A ton of corn is found to be equal for heating purposes to a cord of hard wood, and does not cost so much there by about three dollars. Has any body learned whether wood is a good substitute for corn as an article of diet?

In speaking of the establishment of Holly-tree Coffee-Houses, Mr. Beecher recently remarked:

"Talk of a temperance reformation—I think that a coffee reformation is needed in this country. I have traveled all over the length and breadth of this land, and only in one or two instances have I ever been able to get a cup of real good coffee. As a rule, a cup of coffee is a swindle and a cheat, and it will be a good thing if there can be established some places where there can be obtained a cup of pure coffee, and good bread also."

The London Fire Brigade is a less numerous and a less expensive department than that of New York city, though London is so much larger than New York.

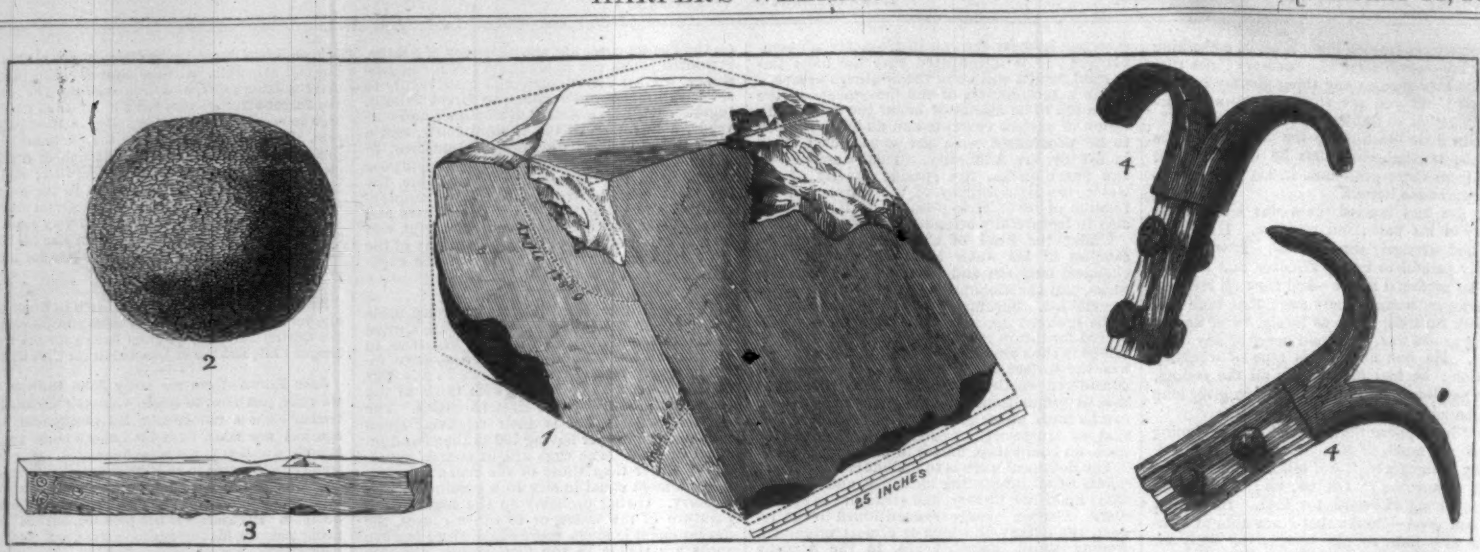
If prophets concerning the Hoosic Tunnel are correct, on October 18, 1873, there will be an opening through Hoosic Mountain from east to west. A junction was recently effected between the headings from the eastern side and from the central shaft.

Are the Egyptian Pyramids at length to serve a useful purpose? We see it stated that they are to be converted into light-houses for the benefit of sailors on the Nile.

An appeal will probably soon be made to the public to provide private letter-boxes, or other safe receptacles where mail matter can be quickly deposited by the carriers. There is great delay in the delivery of letters, and it seems necessary to devise some method by which it can be more speedily accomplished.

The Vermont Legislature has passed a sensible act, punishing with a fine any person who points fire-arms at another in sport. If any injury results, the facetious sportsman is liable to imprisonment for two years.

An exchange gives a long account of one Henrietta Robinson, who about twenty years ago was accused of poisoning a man and a woman in Troy, New York, and was convicted and sentenced to death, but the sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life. She was styled at the time the "Veiled Murderess," as she kept herself closely veiled in court and in prison, and would neither show her face nor give any account of herself or her family. She has now been eighteen years in Sing Sing, and generally enjoys good health and spirits, and preserves her good looks. She was a very handsome woman when she went to prison, and was supposed to belong to some high family either in England or Ireland. She has never yet breathed a word in regard to her family which has reached the public. She is called "Mrs. Robinson" by the other convicts, who one and all entertain for her the deepest respect. Having been uniformly exemplary in conduct, she has been granted many trifling privileges not allowed to ordinary prisoners. Her cell is a curiosity in its way. It is represented to be a miniature conservatory, embracing some rare floral productions. It is also embellished with many other evidences of refined taste and culture. She is more communicative to the chaplain of the prison than any one else, and toward him she occasionally throws off a portion of her habitual reserve. It is even supposed she has made some important communications to him under the seal of secrecy, and he states that before many months shall have passed there possibly may be more disclosures given to the public in regard to her case, which will present her in a different light than that in which she has heretofore stood. This chaplain, who attended her trial, has always expressed a belief in her entire innocence of the fearful crime for which she was convicted.



1. Original Casing Stone from North Side. 2. Granite Ball, 1 lb. 3 oz. weight. 3. Piece of Cedar, apparently a Measure. 4. Bronze Instrument, with portion of the Wooden Handle adhering to it.

THE GREAT PYRAMID.

THE interesting illustrations on this page are engraved from sketches from the pencil of Mr. JOHN DIXON, who, in conjunction with his brother, Mr. WAYNMAN DIXON, and Dr. GRANT, the English physician in Cairo, has recently made some very important discoveries in and about the Pyramids of Ghizeh.

This group of Pyramids consists of three, two of which exceed in their dimensions all other structures of the kind. In the early Egyptian dynasties the capital, Memphis, stood about ten miles above Cairo, on the west bank of the Nile. The burial-places of the teeming multitudes with which that fertile country was peopled were along the edge of the rocky tract known as the Libyan range. The tombs were excavated in the solid rock, and built up, according to the wealth and rank of the dead, with the material at hand. Over the tombs of the kings were raised the Pyramids. Modern investigations have shown the date of these enormous structures to be about 2500 B.C. Each one was commenced over a sepulchral chamber in the rock; and during the lifetime of the monarch for whom it was intended the work of building up the structure went on—a very low and narrow passage-way to the sepulchre being kept open. On the death and burial of the king the last layers were finished off and the passage-way closed up.

The Great Pyramid covers at present an area of between twelve and thirteen acres, the side of its square measuring 746 feet; its height is 450 feet. Its dimensions have been reduced from a base of 764 feet and a height of 480 feet by the removal of the outer portions to furnish stone for the building of Cairo. The stones of which these enormous piles were constructed are huge blocks of red or syenitic granite, varying in thickness from two to four feet, and their transportation to the Pyramids and adjustment in their proper places indicate a surprising degree of mechanical skill. HERODOTUS states that the Great Pyramid was built by CHEOPS, who stopped all other works connected with religious rites, and compelled his people, to the number of 100,000 at a time, to labor at this vast undertaking; at the end of every three months their places were supplied by the same number of fresh workmen. To facilitate the transportation of stone from the quarries a causeway was built, 3000 feet long, 60 feet wide, and 48 feet in height; ten years were required for its completion. Twenty years more were consumed in the construction of the Pyramid itself.

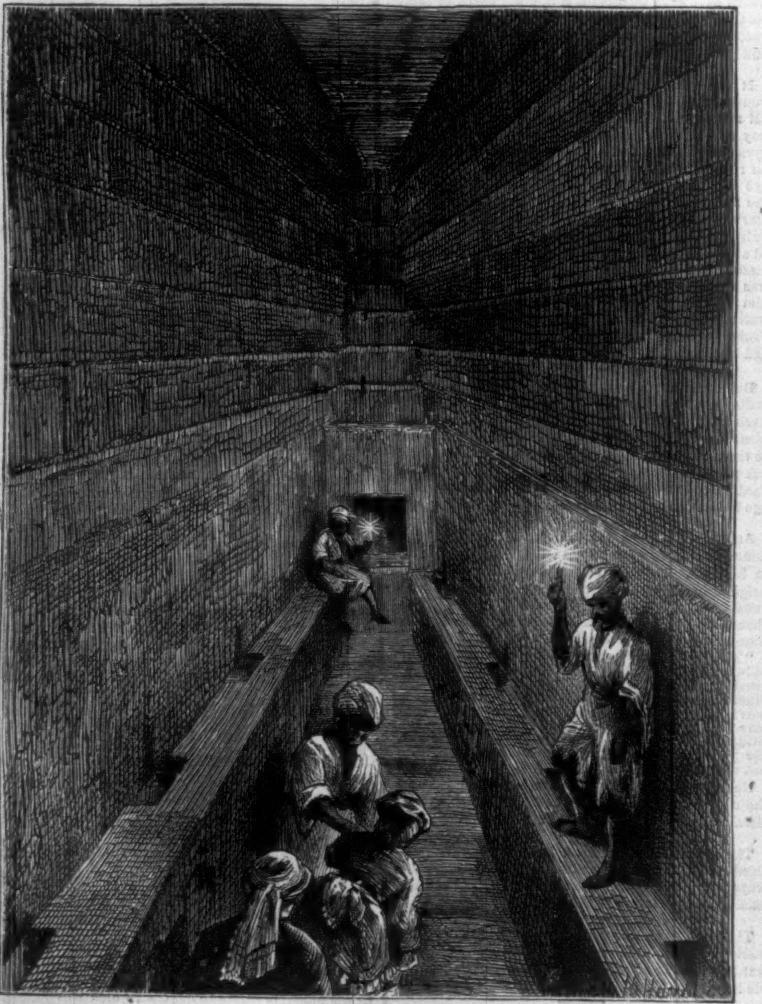
To quarry and transport the immense blocks of granite used in the construction of the Pyramids must have called into play no little engineering and mechanical skill, notwithstanding the vast number of workmen employed, and it would seem that some mechanical appliance of which we are ignorant must have been known to the ancient Egyptians. The probability of this is strengthened by the fact that cavities in the stones have been discovered which have the appearance of having been worn by huge derricks turning in them. HERODOTUS states that the stones were raised from layer to layer by machines, of which, however, he does not give a description. The Pyramids were finished by a smooth facing of small stones and cement, which in the case of the Great Pyramid has been nearly all removed.

It is not known when the Pyramids were first explored in modern times, but it is supposed they were rifled by CAMBYSES, who is mentioned by HERODOTUS as having opened ancient sepulchres at Memphis. They were visited and described by BELONIUS, A.D. 1553, and more recently by many travelers and *savants*. The late discoveries by the Messrs. DIXON and Dr. GRANT are peculiarly interesting. Two hitherto unopened channels, carefully formed in the solid masonry, have been discovered close to the lower or Queen's Chamber of the Great Pyramid. On an opening being made into them, the r[illegible] of which we give an engraving were found.

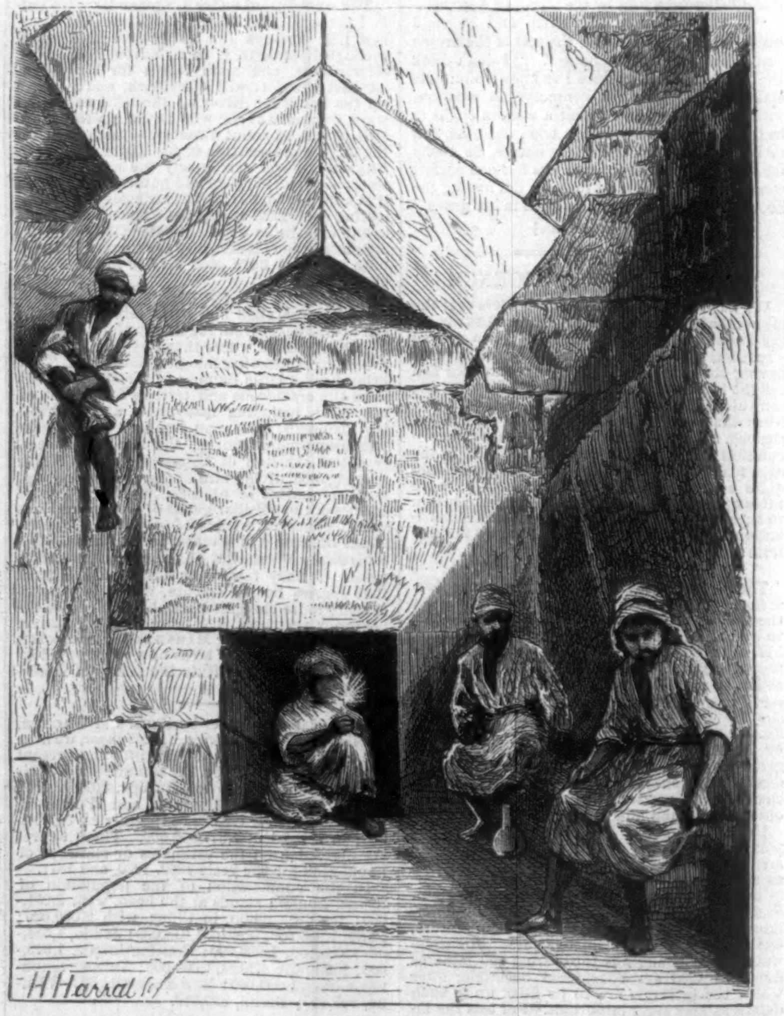
Where these curious channels lead to, and what was their object, will doubtless afford an interesting subject of discussion to some of our learned societies. At the present day weights of a very similar description to the granite ball are in use in Egypt, and in all probability this answered a similar purpose 4300 years ago, in the scales of one of the retailers of the £160,000 worth of onions which history tells us formed part of the food consumed by the workmen engaged in the building. The bronze hook is a tool of some description; and the piece of wood, in excellent preservation, bears upon it curious marks and indications of being a measure. Altogether they possess remarkable interest, not alone on account of their vast antiquity, but from the evidence they are likely to afford as to the correctness of the many theories formed by Sir ISAAC NEWTON and others as to the weights and measures in use by the builders of the Pyramids. The position in which they were found shows that they must have been left there while the work was going on, and at an early period of its construction.

The Casing Stone is also an interesting relic. Before the Saracen caliphs had stripped the Great Pyramid of its covering to help in the building of their Moslem temples and palaces in Cairo it presented to the eye the polished surface and true proportions of a beautiful and regular geometrical figure. Colonel HOWARD VYSE records that, having with immense labor cut through the mounds of *débris* that encumber the base of the venerable monument, he discovered two only of these original casing stones *in situ*. Being too heavy to remove, he covered them up again to save them from the destructive hammers of tourists, and there they remain hidden to this day. Exploring among these rubbish heaps, Mr. WAYNMAN DIXON lately discovered this loose specimen, just in time to save its being broken up and used by the Arabs in building near there. This stone is just twenty-five inches long, the exact dimensions, according to Professor PIAZZI SMYTH, the Astronomer Royal of Scotland, of the ancient Pyramid cubit. The stone has been sent to Professor SMYTH as an appropriate present.

The two interior views will be readily recognized by Egyptian travelers: one as "The Entrance to the Great Pyramid;" while to those who have been bold enough to go inside, the other will vividly recall the scramble up the gloomy recesses and the slippery floor of "The Grand Gallery."



THE GRAND GALLERY.



THE ENTRANCE.

DISCOVERIES IN THE GREAT EGYPTIAN PYRAMID.

JESUIT AGGRESSIONS.
MERMILLOD AND KREMENZ.

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

NOTHING might seem more preposterous than that open war which the Pope is waging against the German empire and almost every other European government, when we contrast the weakness of the papacy with the number and vigor of its foes. Yet, unhappily for the peace of nations, the Pope has his real strength in the centre of his enemies' strongholds. Superstition outlives the rise and fall of civil governments; it spreads like a malaria over minds dulled by ignorance or enfeebled by licentious luxury. The revival of the papal power is the most striking trait in modern history; it is the natural result of the renewal of the order of the Jesuits. A century ago the chief Catholic powers united to suppress the dangerous society of LOYOLA. It was dissolved by a papal brief; its members were expelled from France, Spain, and Portugal. They found refuge in various Protestant countries, but it seemed little likely that the Jesuits would ever again revive their unity or regain that enormous political power which had made them the terror of kings and the scourge of the people. For forty years the order ceased to exist; meantime the world made rapid strides toward a new civilization. The American Revolution broke out, and the liberal party in France, set free from the papal control, aided the revolted colonies. The French Revolution followed. The papacy sank into a feeble dependency of NAPOLEON's empire. The Romish Church lost much of its arrogance and all its terrors. It seemed about to learn in humiliation and suffering a purer faith, and to resume once more a close resemblance to that early Christianity which it had so long persecuted and derided. Yet this was not to be. In 1814 the reactionary powers of Europe restored the Pope. The Pope restored the Jesuits. The civil governments saw no danger in the renewal of the authority of the feeble Italian bishop who had for so many years seemed the shadow of a greatness forever lost; nor did Austria, Prussia, or England suppose that in the return of the exiled Jesuits to their dismantled college at Rome lay the source of the revival of the imperious supremacy of the papacy, and the creation of a spiritual despotism which was to shake to their centres the proudest dynasties of Europe.

Of all the Protestant powers Prussia had shown the most ready sympathy for the fallen Jesuits. When the Pope denounced them, and every Catholic government had driven them from its borders with shouts of execration, when they were banished from Austria and Bavaria, from France and Spain, and no Roman Catholic bishop or priest ventured to lament the fate of the unpopular order, or to raise the cry of persecution, FREDERICK the Great invited them to his dominions. He even professed a kind of fondness for them, as one might fondle a tame panther or tiger. He wrote of them to VOLTAIRE as his "excellent Jesuits," and VOLTAIRE, who about this time was invested with a high post in a religious fraternity, and went solemnly to mass, was no less well disposed toward the unscrupulous fraternity. He had been educated by the Jesuits, and was not afraid of their moral or literary rivalry. He had possibly learned under their tuition his own habit of utter disregard for the notion of an overruling law of honesty. FREDERICK allowed the Jesuits to found their schools in Silesia. They grew wealthy and powerful. Through the fierce struggles of the French Revolution, which they had done so much to produce and to imbitter, they passed their forty years of dispersion chiefly under the shelter of Protestant Prussia. Here they have ever lived secure and at peace. More than once chased from France, Spain, Rome, for their dangerous intrigues, expelled from Russia for fanatical violation of the law, feared in England, and distrusted in America, Prussia has never lost its friendship for the Jesuits until at last it has discovered their ingratitude.

In 1814, indeed, the condition of the Jesuits seemed hopeless. They were dissolved by a papal decree. The enormous wealth of the society had been confiscated in all Catholic lands. The members of the order were fugitives, living on the toleration of Protestants, when, suddenly, it seems to have struck the leaders of the papal councils at Rome that the society of LOYOLA might prove a powerful agent in reviving the shattered elements of the papacy. The Pope recalled them. They came back from their Protestant homes to assemble in their deserted college. But they had learned nothing in exile and suffering, and it was soon found that the Jesuits of the nineteenth century were as fanatical and as dangerous as had been those who, in the close of the eighteenth, were covered with the anathemas of Pope and bishops. They at once led the way in the revival of the papal power. Its grossest superstitions were renewed and enforced. The worship of MARY was made the symbol of Roman faith. Pilgrimages, visions, and miracles, which had been laughed out of educated Europe, were revived. The Jesuits grew rich and luxurious on the profits of death-bed legacies and enforced contributions. They became once more animated politicians. They made their way back into France, Spain, Austria, and Italy. NAPOLEON III., in the height of his power, gave them the chief share in educating his people. They penetrated into Switzerland and South America. They ruled the elections and plundered the treasury of New York. Pope PIUS IX. fell into their hands, and in 1870 they assembled a papal council, at which the wildest extravagance of medieval superstition was overleaped: the pontiff was declared infallible, the doctrines of LOYOLA were ingrafted upon the papal creed, and the Jesuits ruled the Romish Church. Such has been the sudden revival of the power of the

KASPAR MERMILLOD, BISHOP OF HEBRON.

Jesuits. Their fierce audacity has conquered all their foes. The Gallican bishops, who once anathematized them, they have reduced to timorous obedience; the German bishops are their abject instruments. The American bishops, who hold the rich possessions of the Papal Church among us, are appointed by the Jesuits. New York swarms with Jesuit schools and colleges, emissaries and periodicals. The papacy has been transformed into the society of LOYOLA, and the doctrine of implicit obedience rules the great host of the Romish priesthood in every land that admits the authority of the Pope.

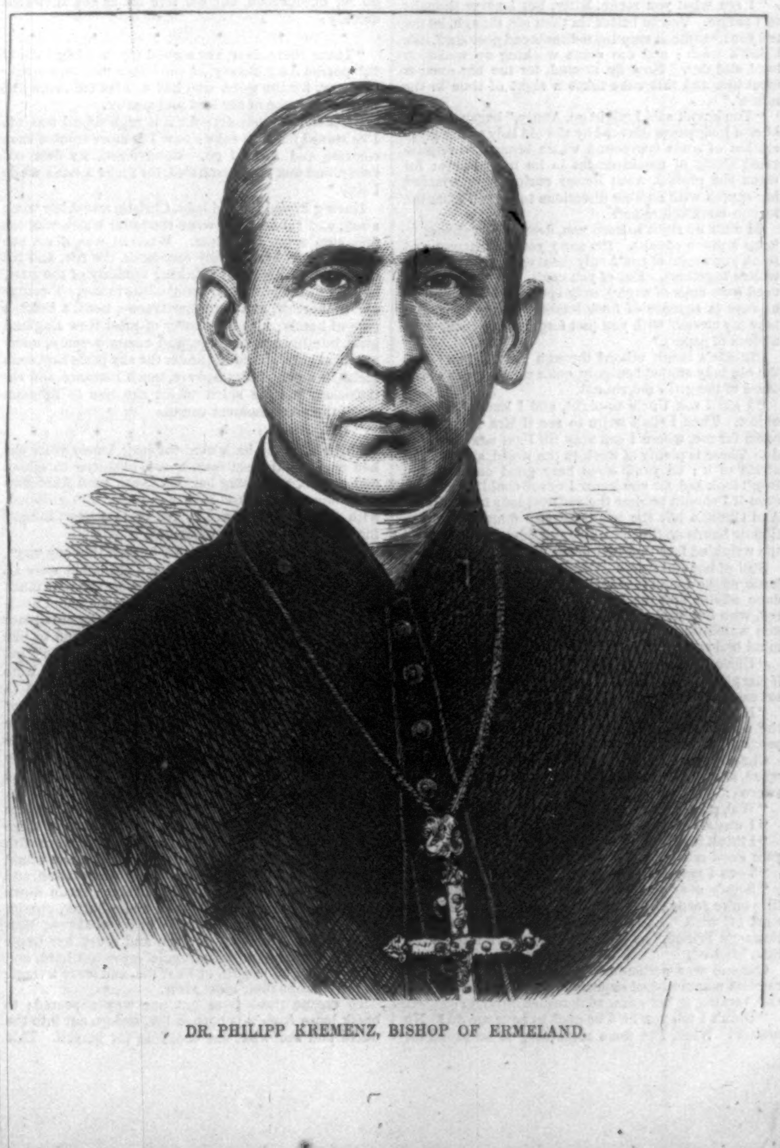
Why the Jesuits should be less dangerous to the peace of nations in 1872 than they were in 1772 can scarcely be conceived. A hundred years ago they were denounced by the Roman Catholic Church and all the Catholic powers of Europe as the common foes of civil government; Pope, bishops, kings, united in demanding their suppression. Now they have grasped the control of the Papal Church, and are meditating their revenge. Their ingratitude equals their audacity. Their first aim on their return to power was to inflict fatal wounds upon the prosperity of Prussia, which had once been their only friend. The German authorities assert that the Jesuits excited NAPOLEON III. to assail Germany, and invited him within its borders; that they enforced the doctrine of papal infallibility to check the progress of German thought. The German empire has insisted upon their suppression, and at once the whole Romish Church raises the cry of persecution. It assails Germany for doing what itself once declared necessary for the peace of Christendom, and defends with all its spiritual arms a dangerous association that it once led the way in suppressing. The German empire has found it necessary to restrain by stringent laws the papal influence as guided by the Jesuits; the Jesuitical faction has declared open war against the German empire. "This empire," exclaims the New York *Catholic World*, "has enemies at home as well as abroad; all Catholics are its enemies; and the Jesuits are in the van."

In Germany the bishops have already, by the arts of the Jesuits, been placed in opposition to their native government. The dogma of infallibility has produced its necessary fruits. Of the contumacious prelates one of the most noted is KREMENZ, Bishop of Ermeland, in Eastern Prussia. He has always been known as a friend of the Poles, an opponent of the Prussian policy. He published his ban of excommunication against all who refused to accept the dogma of infallibility. He violated the public law. The Prussian ministry required him to withdraw his ban and declare that he would submit to the civil government. The bishop refuses to obey except in civil matters; he holds that in spiritual affairs the Church is above the law. The Prussian minister has withheld his salary, the papal press defends the bishop, and KREMENZ has been made notorious as one of the martyrs in the cause of papal supremacy. The German bishops have united in a league against their government; the dogma of infallibility furnishes the only ground of quarrel; the cunning Jesuits have already succeeded in disturbing the peace of Germany, and in perfecting one of those mad schemes against the welfare of the people for which Pope, priests, and kings strove to destroy them a century ago. They have already covered all Central Europe with discord, terror, and the omens of a religious war.

Bishop MERMILLOD is another of the agents, and perhaps victims, of the arts of the Jesuits. He has been used to arouse a religious excitement in republican Switzerland. Soon after the publication of the dogma of infallibility the Swiss government found it necessary to close the Jesuit schools within its borders, and forbid the Jesuits from teaching. The republic could not suffer with safety the doctrine of the papal supremacy in all spiritual affairs—a doctrine which is certain to include finally all temporal matters—to be impressed upon the minds of its children; yet the papal leaders never forgave the affront. The Jesuit counselors of the Pope have resolved to awaken religious discord in Switzerland. They easily found the pretext of a quarrel. Geneva and Lausanne had heretofore been united under one Romish bishop. The Pope separated them without asking permission of the Swiss government, and MERMILLOD was made Bishop of the new diocese of Geneva. He was already known as a friend of the Napoleonic dynasty in France, and had been suspected of favoring the seizure of Savoy by the French. The Swiss government at once forbade him to act. When he persisted they withdrew his salary. The Pope, the Jesuits, and the Roman Catholic bishops of Switzerland defend the cause of MERMILLOD, and the republic is already agitated by a violent religious quarrel. But the bold republicans have struck the enemy of freedom a vital blow. They have decreed that no priest shall minister to a congregation unless he has been elected by the people, and has taken an oath of obedience to the civil government. The schools have been secularized, the authority of the Pope has been made subordinate to the fundamental laws of the state. Thus Switzerland and the infallible pontiff have entered upon an inexpiable war, and "the Jesuits are in the van."

Dishonesty has always been the ruling trait of Jesuitism. The system offers no room for that conception of strict integrity and that unbending truthfulness which lie at the base of all true human progress. It was only recently that a Jesuit made his way into Corea, professing to belong to the Corean nobility. Disguise, subterfuge, and "pious frauds" have in every age marked the missionary labors of the ambitious society; and in their war upon modern governments, in all their political enterprises, the most dangerous weapon of the Jesuits will be their contempt for moral law. It is against this trait of Jesuitism that Germany and Switzerland have provided their most rigorous legislation; and they have found that the only way to oppose their foes with success is to suppress them altogether. No Jesuit is permitted to teach or preach in Switzerland or Germany under any disguise or in any form; they have proved themselves unworthy of honorable confidence, are bound by no oath, nor restrained by any emotion of gratitude or any impulse of self-respect. But, unhappily for the future peace of mankind, the Jesuits rule over the Roman Church, appoint or overawe its bishops, guide its policy, and direct an immense spiritual organization whose obedient followers are found in every land. Jesuitism is no longer a single element in Roman Catholicism, but pervades and controls all its operations. And hence every civil government must in future see in the Roman Catholic Church its secret or its open foe. It must either consent to submit to the authority of an Italian priest its system of education, its conceptions of faith and morals, its political and domestic institutions, or prepare to defend them by such means as remain in its power.

Our own country lies almost defenseless before the assaults of the Jesuits. Its large Roman Catholic population is enslaved and overawed by the new doctrine of papal infallibility. Every Roman Catholic bishop is the servile agent of



DR. PHILIPP KREMENZ, BISHOP OF ERMELAND.

the Italian Pope; the immense property of the Romish Church among us is controlled by the papal bishops; the Romish voters have long been arrayed in a distinct political party; and Roman Catholic officials have recently robbed New York of $60,000,000. The Roman Catholic faction even strove to take possession of the general government, and but for the rising indignation of the people would have placed their corrupt instruments in control of the national treasury. The dishonesty of the Jesuits has already tainted the sources of our civilization. It is time for our legislators to imitate the examples of Switzerland and Germany, and see that the republic is saved.

In our own State the measures necessary to be adopted seem, first, to enforce general education in the principles of good morals and republicanism; second, to repeal the law of 1863, which gives to the Roman Catholic bishops the control of the property of every Romish church; third, to withdraw all grants to sectarian charities; fourth, to prosecute with vigor those officials, elected by the Romish vote, who brought ruin and dishonor to the city of New York. Let no man be spared, whether Republican or Democrat, who has shared in any degree in the plunder of the community. But all laws will prove useless, and even education may fail of its effect, unless the press of our city and country unites to repress the movements of aggressive Jesuitism. It is knowledge, truthfulness, and resolute and unconquerable honesty that can alone repel the common foe of civilization; and it may be hoped that the year 1874 will witness a perfect suppression of the dangerous society which in 1774 was condemned by its "infallible" Pope, by the common voice of civilized man, and whose recent exploits in exciting discord, war, and political immorality in Europe and America are worthy of its most prosperous days.

SAPPHIRES.

WHEN an American speaks of a Sapphire, he uses, without probably knowing it, a word common to all the tongues which men of his branch of the human family have spoken from the land and the times of Moses and of Job down to our own days. The Sapphire is identical in composition with the Ruby, differing from it only in color. The Ruby is as red as blood. The Sapphire is as blue as the sky. Of course we speak of the perfect Ruby and of the perfect Sapphire. A really fine Sapphire is much more easily found than a really fine Ruby, and fine Sapphires of a very large size are not uncommon, while a fine Ruby of a very large size is almost unknown out of the East. MESSRS. STARR & MARCUS, 22 John St. (up stairs), among not a few beautiful Sapphires, have just now one which is simply delicious in color, in lustre, and what is very rare in brilliancy. The perfect Sapphire should have, by artificial light, as well as by day, the pure and positive blue color of the richest clear blue velvet. If it be mixed with black or with purple, it may be a fine stone otherwise, but it fails of the perfection and price of the ideal Sapphire—that which the ungallant Hebrews who held that the Tables delivered at Sinai were of Sapphire, described as the "male Sapphire," to distinguish it from the pale blue of the "female Sapphire." Browning has adopted this phrase in his striking picture of the tiara of King Saul,

"The jewels that woke in his turban,
At once—with a start
All the lordly male Sapphires—and Rubies
Courageous at heart."

No gem is more poetic, or has more picturesque and romantic associations, than the Sapphire. The Greeks held it sacred to Apollo, and esteemed it a remedy against fevers. Even Christian St. Jerome, commenting upon its mention by Isaiah, says of it, that "it procures favor with princes, pacifies enemies, frees from enchantment and malice, and obtains freedom from captivity."—[*Com.*]

TO EXCEL IN IMPROVEMENT is the leading element of this country, and no other article of labor-saving machinery has equaled in this respect the sewing-machine in rapid strides of improvement. Among them the New Wilson Under-Feed Machine may be counted the leading one in this connection. Mr. W. G. Wilson, its inventor, and President of the Company that manufactures it, makes its improvement his constant study. Every thing has been added to it that constant experimenting and science could suggest, and it is offered to the public to-day without an equal for family use. Light, rapid, beautiful, durable, and perfect, the Wilson holds the leading place among the best sewing-machines in use. Go and see it. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The Company want agents in country towns.—[*Com.*]

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—Mrs. Rev. W. V. MILLIGAN, Cambridge, Ohio, has saved with her Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Machine hundreds of dollars in the last ten years, without a cent for repairs. See the new Improvements and Woods' Lock-Stitch Ripper.—[*Com.*]

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WORK;
Or, CHRISTIE'S EXPERIMENT.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

Author of "Little Women," "Old-Fashioned Girl," "Little Men," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

CHRISTIE.

"AUNT BETSEY, there's going to be a new Declaration of Independence."

"Bless and save us, what do you mean, child?" And the startled old lady precipitated a pie into the oven with destructive haste.

"I mean that, being of age, I am going to take care of myself, and not be a burden any longer. Uncle wishes me out of the way; thinks I ought to go, and sooner or later will tell me so. I don't intend to wait for that, but, like the people in fairy tales, travel away into the world and seek my fortune. I know I can find it."

Christie emphasized her speech by energetic demonstrations in the bread-trough, kneading the dough as if it was her destiny, and she was shaping it to suit herself; while Aunt Betsey stood listening, with uplifted pie-fork, and as much astonishment as her placid face was capable of expressing. As the girl paused, with a decided thump, the old lady exclaimed:

"What crazy idee you got into your head now?"

"A very sane and sensible one, that's got to be worked out; so please listen to it, ma'am, I've had it a good while. I've thought it over thoroughly, and I'm sure it's the right thing for me to do. I'm old enough to take care of myself; and if I'd been a boy, I should have been told to do it long ago. I hate to be dependent, and now there's no need of it; I can't bear it any longer. If you were poor, I would not leave you, for I never forget how kind *you* have been to me. I *am* a burden to him, and I must go where I can take care of myself. I can't be happy till I do, for there's nothing here for me. I'm sick of this dull town, where the one idea is to eat, drink, and get rich. I don't find any friends to help me as I want to be helped, or any work that I can do well; so let me go, Aunty, and find my place, wherever it is."

"But I do need you, deary; and you mustn't think Uncle don't like you. He does, only he don't show it, and when your odd ways fret him, he ain't pleasant, I know. I don't see why you can't be contented: I've lived here all my days, and never found the place lonesome, or the folks unneighborly," and Aunt Betsey looked perplexed by the new idea.

"You and I are very different, ma'am. There was more yeast put into my composition, I guess; and, after standing quiet in a warm corner so long, I begin to ferment, and ought to be kneaded up in time, so that I may turn out a wholesome loaf. You can't do this; so let me go where it can be done, else I shall turn sour and good for nothing. Does that make the matter any clearer?" And Christie's serious face relaxed into a smile as her aunt's eye went from her to the nicely-molded loaf offered as an illustration.

"I see what you mean, Kitty, but I never thought on't before. You be better riz than me, though, let me tell you: too much emptins makes bread poor stuff, like baker's trash; and too much working up makes it hard and dry. Now fly around, for the big oven is most het, and this cake takes a sight of time in the mixin'."

"You havn't said I might go, Aunty," began the girl, after a long pause devoted by the old lady to the preparation of some compound which seemed to require great nicety of measurement in its ingredients; for when she replied, Aunt Betsey curiously interlarded her speech with audible directions to herself from the receipt-book before her.

"I ain't no right to keep you, dear, ef you choose to (take a pinch of salt). I'm sorry you ain't happy, and think you might ef you'd only (beat eggs, six yolks and whites together). But ef you can't, and feel that you need (two cups of sugar), only speak to Uncle, and ef he says (a squeeze of fresh lemon), go, my dear, and take my blessin' with you (not forgettin' to cover with a piece of paper)."

Christie's laugh echoed through the kitchen; and the old lady smiled benignly, quite unconscious of the cause of the girl's merriment.

"I shall ask Uncle to-night, and I know he won't object. Then I shall write to see if Mrs. Flint has a room for me, where I can stay till I get something to do. There is plenty of work in the world, and I'm not afraid of it; so you'll soon hear good news of me. Don't look sad, for you know I never could forget you, even if I should become the greatest lady in the land." And Christie left the prints of two floury but affectionate hands on the old lady's shoulders, as she kissed the wrinkled face that had never worn a frown to her.

Full of hopeful fancies, Christie salted the pans and buttered the dough in pleasant forgetfulness of all mundane affairs, and the ludicrous dismay of Aunt Betsey, who followed her about, rectifying her mistakes, and watching over her as if this sudden absence of mind had roused suspicions of her sanity.

"Uncle, I want to go away, and get my own living, if you please," was Christie's abrupt beginning, as they sat around the evening fire.

"Hey! what's that?" said Uncle Enos, rousing from the doze he was enjoying, with a candle in perilous proximity to his newspaper and his nose.

Christie repeated her request, and was much relieved when, after a meditative stare, the old man briefly answered:

"Wal, go ahead."

"I was afraid you might think it rash or silly, sir."

"I think it's the best thing you could do; and I like your good sense in pupposin' on't."

"Then I may really go."

"Soon's ever you like. Don't pester me about it till you're ready; then I'll give you a little suthing to start off with." And Uncle Enos returned to "The Farmer's Friend," as if cattle were more interesting than kindred.

Christie was accustomed to this curt speech and careless manner—had expected nothing more cordial; and, turning to her aunt, said, rather bitterly:

"Didn't I tell you he'd be glad to have me go? No matter! When I've done something to be proud of, he will be as glad to see me back again." Then her voice changed, her eyes kindled, and the firm lips softened with a smile.

"Yes, Ill try my experiment; then I'll get rich; found a home for girls like myself; or, better still, be a Mrs. Fry, a Florence Nightingale, or—"

"How are you on for stockins, dear?"

Christie's castles in the air vanished at the prosaic question; but, after a blank look, she answered pleasantly:

"Thank you for bringing me down to my feet again, when I was soaring away too far and too fast. I'm poorly off, ma'am; but if you are knitting these for me, I shall certainly start on a firm foundation." And, leaning on Aunt Betsey's knee, she patiently discussed the wardrobe question from hose to head-gear.

"Don't you think you could be contented any way, Christie, ef I make the work lighter, and leave you more time for your books and things?" asked the old lady, loth to lose the one youthful element in her quiet life.

"No, ma'am, for I can't find what I want here," was the decided answer.

"What do you want, child?"

"Look in the fire, and I'll try to show you."

The old lady obediently turned her spectacles that way, and Christie said in a tone half serious, half playful:

"Do you see those two logs? Well, that one smouldering dismally away in the corner is what my life is now; the other blazing and singing is what I want my life to be."

"Bless me, what an idee! They are both a-burnin' where they are put, and both will be ashes to-morrow; so what difference does it make?"

Christie smiled at the literal old lady; but, following the fancy that pleased her, she added earnestly:

"I know the end is the same; but it does make a difference how they turn to ashes, and how I spend my life. That log, with its one dull spot of fire, gives neither life nor warmth, but lies sizzling despondently among the cinders. But the other glows from end to end with cheerful little flames that go singing up the chimney with a pleasant sound. Its light fills the room and shines out into the dark; its warmth draws us nearer, making the hearth the cosiest place in the house, and we shall all miss the friendly blaze when it dies. Yes," she added, as if to herself, "I hope my life may be like that, so that whether it be long or short, it will be useful and cheerful while it lasts, will be missed when it ends, and leave someteing behind besides ashes."

Though she only half understood them, the girl's words touched the old lady, and made her look anxiously at the eager young face gazing so wistfully into the fire.

"A good smart blowing up with the bellusses would make the green stick burn most as well as the dry one after a spell. I guess contentedness is the bellus for young folks, ef they would only think so."

"I dare say you are right, Aunty, but I want to try for myself; and if I fail, I'll come back and follow your advice. Young folks always have discontented fits, you know. Didn't you when you were a girl?"

"Shouldn't wonder ef I did; but Enos came along, and I forgot 'em."

"My Enos has not come along yet, and never may; so I'm not going to sit and wait for any man to give me independence, if I can earn it for myself." And a quick glance at the gruff, gray old man in the corner plainly betrayed that, in Christie's opinion, Aunt Betsey made a bad bargain when she exchanged her girlish aspirations for a man whose soul was in his pocket.

"Jest like her mother, full of hifalutin notions, discontented and sot in her own ideas; a poor capital to start a fortin' on."

Christie's eye met that of her uncle peering over the top of his paper with an expression that always tried her patience. Now it was like a dash of cold water on her enthusiasm, and her face fell as she answered quickly:

* * * * * *

"There, there, dear, hev a good cry, and forgit about it," purred Aunt Betsey, as the heavy footsteps creaked away, for the good soul had a most old-fashioned and dutiful awe of her lord and master.

"I shan't cry but act; for it is high time I *was* off. I've stayed for your sake; now I'm more trouble than comfort, and away I go. Good-night, my dear old aunty, and don't look troubled, for I'll be a lamb while I stay."

Having kissed the old lady, Christie swept her work away, and sat down to write the letter which was the first step toward freedom. When it was done, she drew near to her friendly *confidante*, the fire, and till late into the night sat thinking tenderly of the past, bravely of the present, hopeful of the future. Twenty-one to-morrow, and her inheritance a head, a heart, a pair of hands; also the dower of most New England girls, intelligence, courage, and common-sense, many practical gifts, all hidden under the shy pride that soon melts in a genial atmosphere, much romance and enthusiasm, and the spirit which can rise to heroism when the great moment comes.

* * * * * *

Christie looked back over the long, lonely years she had spent in the old farm-house, plodding to school and church, and doing her tasks with kind Aunt Betsey while a child; and slowly growing into girlhood, with a world of romance locked up in a heart hungry for love, and a larger, nobler life.

She had tried to appease this hunger in many ways, but found little help. Her father's old books were all she could command, and these she wore out with much reading. Inheriting his refined tastes, she found nothing to attract her in the society of the common-place and often coarse people about her. She tried to like the buxom girls whose one ambition was to "get married," and whose subjects of conversation were "smart bonnets" and "nice dresses." She tried to believe that the admiration and regard of the bluff young farmers were worth striving for; but when one well-to-do neighbor laid his acres at her feet, she found it impossible to accept for her life's companion a man whose soul was wrapped up in prize cattle and big turnips.

Uncle Enos never could forgive her for this piece of folly, and Christie plainly saw that one of three things would surely happen if she lived on there with no vent for her full heart and busy mind. She would either marry Joe Butterfield in sheer desperation, and become a farmer's household drudge; settle down into a sour spinster, content to make butter, gossip, and lay up money all her days; or do what poor Matty Stone had done, try to curb and crush her needs and aspirations till the struggle grew too hard, and then, in a fit of despair, end her life, and leave a tragic story to haunt their quiet river.

To escape these fates but one way appeared: to break loose from this narrow life, and go out into the world and see what she could do for herself. This idea was full of enchantment for the eager girl, and, after much earnest thought, she had resolved to try it.

"If I fail, I can come back," she said to herself, even while she scorned the thought of failure, for with all her shy pride she was both brave and ardent, and her dreams were of the rosiest sort.

"I won't marry Joe; I won't wear myself out in a district-school for the mean sum they give a woman; I won't delve away here where I'm not wanted; and I won't end my life like a coward because it is dull and hard. I'll try my fate as mother did, and perhaps I may succeed as well." And Christie's thoughts went wandering away into the dim, sweet past when she, a happy child, lived with loving parents in a different world from that.

Lost in these tender memories, she sat till the old moon-faced clock behind the door struck twelve, then the visions vanished, leaving their benison behind them.

As she glanced backward at the smouldering fire, a slender spire of flame shot up from the log that had blazed so cheerily, and shone upon her as she went. A good omen, gratefully accepted then, and remembered often in the years to come.

Thus ends the first chapter of Miss Alcott's sprightly and attractive but thoughtful new story, which commences in the holiday number of Henry Ward Beecher's Great Literary and Family Weekly—*The Christian Union*—and will be continued only in that paper. Miss Alcott has found the key to the popular heart; it is in depicting the true *home life* of America, which she makes full of zest, enjoyment, and wholesome earnestness. This story will be followed in *The Christian Union* by other serials from other eminent American pens. Edward Eggleston, Robertson Gray, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, etc.

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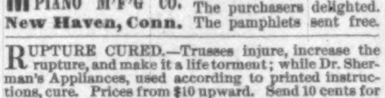

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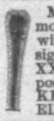

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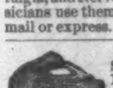

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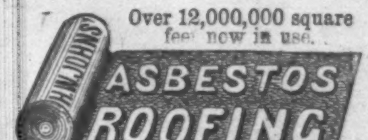

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"Now this sigh caught the quick ear of a young lady who had not long emerged upon deck. It was Joanna Philippa Chester, who never showed herself by day, but took the air at night, and even then had always her little mask in hand, ready to whip on."—CHAPTER VII.

[CONTINUED FROM NO. 836, PAGE 23.]

THE WANDERING HEIR.

Vixere fortes ante Ortŏna.

BY CHARLES READE.

CHAPTER V.—(*Continued.*)

WHILE Philip was driving out the "harmless necessary cat," James criticised him. "Why, 'tis like a girl, to be afeard of a cat. But indeed you are more like a girl than a boy, in many things. You hate women more than is natural, and you turn your toes out in walking; and you carry your hand so oddly when you walk."

"Mercy on us, how?"

"Why, you turn it out sideways, and show the fingers. I walk with my thumb straight down."

Philip turned very red, but said, pertly, "All which proves that I was born of a woman. Now you were born of a goose. I'm man enough to be your master, and this very evening you shall ride with me to Philadelphia."

"You are my master, and I own it," said James: "my master, by superior learning, wit, and daring, only the courage comes and goes most strangely. But, good my master, for all that, I can not ride with thee to-night."

"Oh, say not so, James. Why not?"

"I could not sit a horse for my life."

"Alas! how unfortunate we are. James, think me not unkind; but I must go to-night; with thee, or without thee."

"You must go without me, then; for indeed I am not able."

"But perhaps you may be by night-fall. Have a good sweat, and a good sleep, and I'll come again at dusk; for oh, James, I *must* go: and I am loath to leave thee."

Then Philippa retired, and went and made some slight preparation for the journey she had resolved to take; but, in the midst of it all, her

hands fell helpless, and her heart revealed itself to her. She could not go. Love burst through all self-deception at last. She loved him; had loved him long; and loved him to distraction. Leave him on his sick-bed, and among enemies; no, not for a day. She had honestly intended—if he could not come—to fly to Philadelphia, sell her jewels, and buy him of M'Carthy; but, now it came to the point, she burst out crying, and found she could not leave him in trouble, no, not for an hour.

"Nay," said she to herself, "but I will come at night, and hector him, and taunt him, and coax him, and try all my wicked arts to get him to go with me; then, if he can not, I will pretend to go without him, but I'll slip back softly, and lie on the mat at my darling's door. None shall come to hurt him but over my body."

Meantime James received another unexpected visitor. There was a gentle tap at the door; and Mistress Christina glided in. He was surprised, and tried to rise and receive her; but she put up her white hand, that he should not move. Then she sat down by him and, with the most cajoling tenderness, expressed her regret at what had occurred. "Why," said she, "will you trouble about that man, whom you know I have discarded?"

"He was there to tempt you, madam."

"More likely through jealousy; seeing me favor you, perhaps he suspected me of speaking to you at all hours. But once more, James, trouble not about him. Has he hurt you?"

"Nay, madam, not much," said James; "a few bruises, that I am to sleep away. He got as good as he gave, I know."

"That is true," said she, gravely; "he is much cut about the face, and you have knocked out one of his front teeth."

"I will knock his head off next time."

"I will give you leave to kill him—*next time*," said the lady, calmly. "Meantime, prithee get well—for my sake. I'll send you something to do you good." She then kissed her hand to him, and went softly out.

Before she had been long gone, Philip's potion began to work, and James fell into a fine sleep and a violent perspiration.

Presently there was another tap at the door, and, as the sleeper did not reply, Chloe entered, with a large basin of strong soup prepared by the white hands of Christina herself. Chloe was followed by the late discarded cat, returning now with lofty tail, sniffing the savory mess. Chloe, finding the patient asleep and perspiring, had the sense not to awaken him; only, as she thought it a pity the soup should cool, she put it down by his bedside, calculating that the smell might waken him, as it would her. To keep it warm, she put "Plutarch's Lives" over it, and then retired: it was about four o'clock.

Now, if James was asleep, Puss was not. He turned about the leg of the table, sniffing; and at last sprang boldly on to the bed, and from the bed to the table. Here he found an obstacle in Plutarch. Plutarch covered the soup, not entirely, but too much for Puss to get a nose in. He sat quiet a few minutes, then he applied his fore-paw, and nose, and made a sufficient aperture. Then he found the soup too hot. Then he sat on the table a whole hour, waiting. Then he arose and gradually licked up nearly half the soup: then he retired quietly, and coiled himself up.

James still slept on his balmy sleep, till just before sunset. Then he was awakened by a violent knocking.

He looked up, and there was the poor cat in violent convulsions, springing up to an incredible height, and hammering the floor with his head when he came down.

James got up, unconscious of his late pains, and threw some water over him. He thought it a fit; but, after a few violent convulsions, came piteous cries, and the poor creature stretched his limbs, and died foaming at the mouth.

James soon discovered the cause in the stolen soup.

His blood ran cold. He fell on his knees, and thanked God he was alive. But how long? what would not hate so diabolical as this attempt? He seized his knife, and prepared to sally forth.

At this moment he heard a whistle under his window.

"Ah!" thought he, "a signal of assassins." He instantly dragged his bed and other things to the door, to impede an attack from that quarter, and then went cautiously to the window. To his great relief, it was Philip, who had given that signal. He opened the window directly, "Oh, Philip! They have tried to poison me!!"

"Ah!—who? who?"

"Christina herself. Sent me soup. The cat stole some, while I slept, thanks to your medicine—you are my preserver—and see, the poor cat is dead." He took the cat's body, and flung it out. Philip recoiled, with a cry of horror. "Come forth!" he cried. "Come forth! or they will murder thee yet. Oh, my love, come forth to me."

"I will, I will."

And in a moment he tore away the bed and other things from the door, and ran down to Philip. Philip had lost not a moment, but was getting the two best horses out. James helped him. Without a word more they saddled and bridled them, and Philip sprang into the saddle; his black eyes were gleaming with a strange fire.

"Take that dead beast before thee," said he; "and I'll give thee liberty and vengeance."

They galloped off over the soft ground, Philip leading, and took the road for Philadelphia.

They did not venture to speak till they got clear of M'Carthy's premises, but then James told Philip of Christina's visit and cajoleries, followed by murder.

Philip said, "'Twas in her eye. Ah! thou foul cat, but I'll be even with thee;" and Philip ground his teeth audibly, and his eye shot fire in the moonlight. "My poor James," said he, "that would not harm a mouse!"

About five miles from M'Carthy's they passed his brother's farm. They passed it a hundred yards or so, and then Philip drew the rein, and haltered his horse to a gate, and made James do the same.

"Now take that dead Christina in thy hand," said he, bitterly, "and follow me." He marched up to the farm, and asked for William M'Carthy.

"What want you?"

"We are two servants of his, come with news of life and death."

"You shall find him at supper with the rest."

Philip walked boldly into the noisy supper-room, followed by James.

"Silence all!" said he, with a voice like a clarion: and the room was still in a moment.

"Master, have you money in your house?"

"Ay," cried M'Carthy, half rising, and turning pale; "more than I can bear to lose. But 'tis in the safe, boy. None knows of it but my daughter."

"Am I your daughter? Yet I know it. Your daughter has a mulatto to her lover, and they have planned to rob you of your money, and fly."

"The proof!" roared M'Carthy.

"The proof is this: James there overheard Christina and Regulus plan the robbery: he taxed Christina with it; and she tried to cajole him; but, failing in that, and knowing he would tell you, like a faithful servant as he is, she this day essayed to poison him."

Here there were some exclamations. "Ay, Sir," continued he; "the cat, by God's mercy, stole a little of the soup, while he slept; now look at that cat's body, and judge for yourselves."

The cat was instantly examined.

Philip did not stop for that. "Now, master, take your weapons, and to horse this moment, and save your goods, if there be yet time."

Mr. M'Carthy, and his brother, and two or three men, ran out.

Philip turned to the others, and, folding his arms, said, boldly, "Sirs, ye are Christian men, and white men like ourselves; is it your will that good servants of your own flesh and blood shall be poisoned like rats?"

There was a roar of honest disclamation.

"And all because Christina M'Carthy is so lost to shame as to wed a black and rob her own flesh and blood. Then, Sirs, to your justice we two commend our cause. There is the poisoned beast to prove our words, and half the poisoned soup in this good young man's room over the stable. Punish them with every thing short of death. James and I will keep away a little while; for, if we testify, the judge might hang her. Give you good e'en."

Having delivered this bold but artful speech, he retired with James, and, the moment he got outside the door, whispered him, "Now run for't, or they will keep us to testify in their courts." They ran off like the wind, untethered their horses, and, springing into their saddles, rode rapidly off, keeping the side of the road at first, to dull their horses' hoofs. They rode all night, and, with the earliest streak of dawn, entered the fair town of Philadelphia.

M'Carthy and his party, twelve in all, caught the mulatto and Christina in the very act of levanting with M'Carthy's money. They made short work of them: bound Regulus to a tree, and flogged him within an inch of his life, with Christina tied to a chair close by, and the dead cat in her lap. Then they drummed the mulatto out of the district, and sent Christina to a farm in Massachusetts, to clean pots and pans in the kitchen for a twelvemonth and a day.

CHAPTER VI.

PHILIP, being commander, sent James to one inn, and went to another himself. He said that was most prudent, to avoid discovery: but his real motive was different. He had a very difficult game to play. His wit, however, proved equal to it. Remembering that his father was a lawyer, he inquired for an old lawyer, a gray-headed one: he stipulated severely for gray hairs. When he had found his gray-headed lawyer, and liked his countenance, he did not make two bites of a cherry, but told him all, and showed him the advertisement.

The lawyer easily got her eighty gold pieces on the security of her diamond cross, and gave her a room on his own premises, where she could dress herself in any costume she liked, without being reported.

Meantime James Annesley was not idle; he saw a notice up that Admiral Vernon's ship was short of hands, and he went and engaged himself to serve on board her; he promised to bring a much smarter fellow next day, meaning his mate Philip.

When they met in the evening, he told Philip this, and Philip was much vexed at first. "Oh! why will you do things without asking me?"

However, on reflection, she acquiesced and, with true feminine tact, altered all her plans, to meet this unexpected move. She told James she would go on board the ship; but in another capacity. She had friends and money, and would work for both. Only, for a day or two, he must not expect to see much of her.

The lawyer sent the horses to M'Carthy, and advised him not to trouble any more about the servants, as they were under his care, and he might have to go into the poisoning business, if they were molested.

Soon after this, a young lady in her mask called on Admiral Vernon at his lodgings, and asked him if he would take her home in his ship.

"Zounds, madam, no," said the Admiral; "no petticoats aboard the King's ship."

"Alas, Sir; say not so: do but cast your eye over this advertisement. Indeed 'tis no common case; 'tis a matter of life and death, my going in your ship."

The Admiral read the advertisement, and cried out, "What! Accused of murder? Gadzooks! what fools these landsmen be! And are you indeed the gentlewoman they seek?"

"Ay, noble Admiral. Deign to regard my foul eyebrows, that are all published to the world so barbarously in this advertisement:" and the sly puss removed her mask, and burst on the sailor in all her sunlike beauty. At this blaze, he began to falter a little. "'Tis pity to deny you; but why not go in the first ship of burden?"

"Sir, none sail this week, and they are too slow for my need, and, in truth, I'm afeard to be drowned, if I go in any other ship but the one you do command. Oh, Admiral! you are too brave to deny the weak and helpless in their trouble."

"Madam!" said the Admiral, "you mistake the matter. 'Tis of you I think. I am a father; and a ship of war is not the place for young gentlewomen."

"But, Sir, I am discreet, and know the world: and I can wear my mask, and keep close. Oh, noble Sir, have pity on me, and let me sail in your good ship." Then, with her lovely eyes, she turned on, what I, laboring to be satirical, call the waters of the Nile. Then the Admiral rapped out the usual oaths of the sea and the century, and said she had done his business; "a sailor was never yet proof against salt water from a woman's eye."

He then told her where his ship lay in the bay of Delaware, and his day and hour of sailing: she must come out in a boat, and he would charge an officer beforehand to see her safe aboard.

Philippa returned to her lawyer in high spirits, and sent him to James, with a note in her own hand, directing him to go on board the English flag-ship next day at six in the evening, and she would follow the day after, before the ship sailed. James did as he was bid. At noon next day, a boat brought a lady in her mask, alongside; and James, who was looking out anxiously for Philip, saw her taken on board, with her boxes—for she had found time to shop furiously—and handed respectfully to her cabin; but James did not recognize her, nor dream this tall gentlewoman was little Philip.

At 2 P.M. the Admiral was seen coming out; the yards were manned directly, and he mounted the quarter-deck, with due honors, and the next minute the pipe was going, and the men's feet tramping to the capstan, while others hoisted a sail or two; and the anchor was secured: and the ship bowed, and glided, and burst into canvas, and the busy seamen all bustled, and shouldered poor James out of the way, with salt curses, as he ran about the ship asking wildly for Philip, and describing him to coarse fellows who only jeered him.

One faint hope remained; Philip might be down below: but the next day dissipated this; Philip never showed his face, and this puzzled and grieved James Annesley so that even the prospect of liberty and home could not reconcile him to the loss and seeming desertion of this tender and faithful friend.

The officer in charge of the new hands now called on James to do some very simple act of seamanship. He bungled it, and there was a good deal of hoarse derision; to which he replied, at last, a little sadly, but with good temper, "Men are not born sailors; are they?"

An officer at the other side of the deck heard this reply, and was struck with the voice, or the face, or perhaps with all three, and called to him. He came respectfully, and removed his cap.

"Sure I have seen that face before," said the officer.

James started, and said, "I have seen yours, Sir; but where?"

Said the officer, "I'll tell you that. Is not your name James?"

"Indeed, Sir, it is."

"Son of Lord Altham that was."

"Yes, Sir; but how—oh, 'tis my kind schoolfellow."

"Ah, I am Mat Matthews, that set you on your way to Dublin. I took a good look at you that day: and I seldom forget a face I look at so. But what means this disguise, in Heaven's name? You have been reported dead, in Ireland, this many a year. Where have you been? Is this a frolic, good Sir, or hath Fortune used you crossly?"

"Sir," said James, "I'll tell you in a word, but a word full of misery: my uncle Richard kidnapped me, and sent me to the plantations; there have I been a slave this many a long year, and even now escaped by a miracle."

"A slave! You! a lord's son, a slave! Kidnapped, and by Richard Annesley, say you? Why, 'tis he now holds your father's lands and titles. Perdition! here is foul play! The knave! 'Twas to steal your lands and titles he spirited you away."

"Indeed, Sir, I always did suspect it. Such villainy was never yet done for love of God."

"Sir," said Captain Matthews, "sit you down: and not another rope shall you handle in this ship." He ran, with his heart in his mouth, to the Admiral; and his warm-hearted Irish eloquence, burning with his school-fellow's wrongs, soon fired the honest sailor. They agreed that this was the real Earl, and his uncle a felon, whom the sight of the true heir would blast. "And now I think on't," said Matthews, "Arthur Lord Anglesey is dead, and Richard Annesley has succeeded to *his* lands and titles too; so that there is one of the greatest noblemen in England and Ireland a sailor on board this ship—and a very bad one."

"That may not be," said the Admiral; "overhaul the wardrobe straight, and rig him like a lord, as he is, and make us acquainted." He added, with a touch of delicacy one would hardly have expected, "I'll not see him in his sailor's jacket, nor seem to know he hath been brought so low."

CHAPTER VII.

IT was a beautiful moonlight night: the great ocean was calm, and the light airs so gentle that snow-white studding-sails were set aloft to catch them.

The Honorable James Annesley, in a suit of blue velvet laced with silver, gold-laced hat, and jewel-hilted sword, paced the deck, and admired the solemn scene, the incredible sheen of the rippling ocean kissed by moonbeams, the ship's gigantic shadow, that ran trembling alongside, and the waves like molten diamonds, that sparkled to the horizon.

His tide had turned: finery on his back, a hundred gold pieces in his pocket, that Matthews, a man of large fortune, had insisted on lending him; a popular admiral conveying him home, an honored guest!

Yet it seemed there was something wanting; for, after he had enjoyed the scene a while, he sat down upon a gun, and meditated; and his meditation was not gay, for soon he heaved a sigh.

Now this sigh caught the quick ear of a young lady who had not long emerged upon deck. It was Joanna Philippa Chester, who never showed herself by day, but took the air at night, and even then had always her little mask in hand, ready to whip on. Joanna was farther still from complete happiness than James was; her breast was torn with doubts, and fears, and shames, for which my reader, who has only seen her fitful audacity in boy's clothes, may not be quite prepared. She was now all tremors and misgivings, and paid the penalty of her disguise. Under that disguise, she had fallen deep in love with James Annesley; yet inspired him with no tenderer feeling than friendship for a boy. That knowledge of the heart, which an inexperienced but thoughtful woman sometimes attains by constantly thinking on its mysteries, told her that between love and friendship there is a gulf, and that gulf sometimes impassable. Philip might stand forever between James and Philippa.

And, besides this, for a girl to wear boy's clothes was indelicate; it was condemned by law, it was scouted by public opinion. James Annesley, even in his humble condition, had shown a great sense of propriety; and she felt, with a cold chill running down her back, that he was not the man to overlook indelicacy in her sex, much less make an Amazon his wife: and now, as she had learned with her sharp ears, the story he had told the ship was confirmed, and he was the real Earl of Anglesey; and all the less likely to honor a Tomboy with his hand.

For three whole days she had longed and pined to speak to him; yet fear and modesty had held her back. She could not bear to be Philip any more; yet she dreaded to be Philippa, lest she should lose even Philip's place in his regard.

Even now, the moment she saw him seated, with the moon glittering on his silver lace, and his jeweled sword, and his dear, shapely head lowered in pensive thought, her first impulse was to recoil, slip down into her cabin again, and torture herself with misgivings, as she had been doing all the voyage.

But love would not let her go without a sin-

gle look. She turned her eyes on him, that soon began to swim with tenderness, as she looked at him. She stole a long drink of ineffable love, and the next moment she would have been gone; but he sighed deeply, and she heard it.

Then the habit of consoling him, and her yearning heart, were too much for her. By a sudden impulse she whipped on her mask and stole toward him. She trembled, she blushed; but all the woman was now in arms to defend that love which was her life.

He heard her coming, looked up, and saw a tall young lady close upon him, dressed in the fashion, with a little silk hood, and a mask that hid all but her mouth. He rose, removed his hat, and bowed ceremoniously. She courtesied in the same style.

"Forgive me, Sir," said she, "I fear I interrupt your meditations."

"Most agreeably, madam."

"Methought I heard you sigh, Sir."

"I dare say I did, madam."

"I was surprised, Sir, for I hear you are a gentleman of quality going home to high fortune, after encountering her frowns. Sure that should make her smiles the sweeter."

"Madam, it may be so: but my enemies are powerful: I may find it very hard to dispossess the wrongful owners."

"And 'twas for that you sighed."

"Not at all, madam. I sighed for the loss of a dear friend."

"Alas! What—dead?"

"Now God forbid!"

"False, then, no doubt."

"I hope not: but I am sore perplexed; for he never failed me before."

"He? What! 'twas only a man, then, after all?"

"'Twas a boy, for that matter; but what a boy! You never saw his fellow, madam. His head was all wit, his heart all tenderness; his face all sunshine. He brightened my adversity; and now, when Fortune seems to shine, he has deserted me. Oh, Philip! Philip!"

"Philip! was that his name?"

"Yes, madam."

"Is he a very dark boy?"

"Yes, madam, yes."

"About my height?"

"Oh no, madam, not by half a head."

Philippa smiled at that, and said, "Then, Sir, you shall sigh no more on his account, for I happen to know that same Philip is here, in this very ship."

"Is it possible? God bless you for that good news, madam. Oh, madam! pray bring him to me, for my heart yearns for him. Why, why has he hidden himself from me?"

"Nay, Sir, you must have patience. The boy is not so much to blame. He is in trouble, and dare not show his face on deck. I wonder whether I may tell you the truth?"

"Yes, madam, for Heaven's sake!"

"Well, then, the truth is—ahem—he is here disguised as a woman."

"You amaze me, madam."

"And if you were to accost him as Philip, 'twould be overheard, and might be his ruin: if you can be so much his friend as to fall into this disguise, and treat him with distant civility while he is on board the ship, I'll answer for him he will come to you, not to-night, but to-morrow night at this time."

James Annesley eagerly subscribed to these terms.

Next evening he paced the deck impatiently, and in due course a young gentlewoman came toward him with Philip's very face, but blushing and beaming.

James ran to meet her: devoured her face, and then cried,

"It is! it is! oh, my sweet Philip!"

The young lady drew back instantly in alarm, and said, "Is this what you promised? Call me Philip again, or offer the slightest freedom, and you shall never see me again. My name is Philippa."

"So be it, thou capricious toad. I am too overjoyed at sight of thee to thwart thy humors. Thou wert never like any other he that breathes."

"I shall be more unlike them than ever now," said she. "Methinks my disposition is changed, since I put off my boy's attire: and the worst of it is, all my courage has oozed away."

"It had always a trick of coming and going, Philip."

"Philippa, or I leave the ship."

"Well, Philippa, then."

"What sort of a gentlewoman do I make?"

"Nay, if I knew not the trick, I should take you for the most beautiful woman I ever saw."

Philippa blushed with pleasure. "And you look beautiful too," said she. "Fine feathers make fine birds."

He then scolded her gently, and asked her why she had deserted him.

"Well, I'll tell you the truth," said she, and delivered him a whole string of fibs.

She met him next evening, and the next, and so mystified him by her beauty and her bashfulness, that he questioned Matthews and the Admiral about the young lady, but Matthews knew nothing, and the Admiral pretended to know nothing, she having sworn him to secrecy.

Philippa was offended at his curiosity, and sent him word he had done very ill to ask other persons about her: she should not come on deck for ever so long.

She kept her word, though it cost her dear: even when they touched at Jamaica, and every body else landed, she kept her cabin.

But when they left Jamaica, she took another line. She came openly on deck now and then in the daytime, and removed her mask.

The effect may be divined: the officers of the ship treated her like a queen, and courted her with all possible attentions; these she received with singular modesty, politeness, and prudence: and her heart being sincerely devoted to one, her head was not to be turned.

James Annesley looked on with wonder, and a dash of satire, to see men all but kneeling to a boy: but he soon got jealous, and the other men opened his eyes, and he began to ponder over many things. The truth flashed on him, and Philippa saw it in his face. Then she coqueted with her happiness, and, when he begged a private interview, she put him off.

But, when they passed Lizard Point, she came to her senses, and gave him his opportunity.

He was much agitated; she was more so, but hid it better.

"Tell me the truth," he cried. "You were always Philippa, and I a blind fool."

She hid her red face in her hands.

"Philippa," he cried, "you have killed the friend of my bosom. Will you give me nothing in exchange for him?"

"Alas, James!" she cried, "what can I give you that you will love as you did him? *I hate that boy.*"

"Nay, do not hate him; but for him I had never known the greatest, truest, tenderest heart that ever beat in woman. Oh, Philippa, you saved me from despair, you saved me from servitude: I never could love another, now you are a woman; be my bosom friend still, but by a dearer title; be my sweetheart, my darling, my wife."

"Ay, that or the grave," she cried: and the next moment he held her curling round his neck, and cooling her hot cheeks with tears of joy.

They landed at Portsmouth, took a kind leave of the Admiral, to whom they owed so much, and, accompanied by Captain Matthews, dashed up to Staines with post-horses, four at every relay. When they came near to the town, she bade the driver post to the prison. She demanded to see Jonas Hanway. He was called into the yard, and, at sight of her, gave a scream of joy, and they had a cry together, and forgave each other. She feed the jailer to send to the proper authorities, and take the necessary steps for his liberation. Then she went on to Thomas Chester, who lived outside the town by the river-side; but Matthews left them in the town, and went on to London, on his way to Ireland. He had inherited large estates, and was about to leave the King's service.

Thomas Chester, though a man not easily moved, gave a loud shout when his niece ran to him: he folded her in his arms, and thanked God aloud, in a broken voice, again and again.

When they were a little calmer, he said to his man, "Send abroad, and let them ring all the church-bells for three miles about; I'll find the ale: and thou, Thomas, bring in our young lady's things. She is mistress of the house."

Then they went out and found two boxes, and one James Annesley, seated peaceably.

"And who is this?" said the old man, staring not a little.

"'Tis only my—my James," says she, as if every young gentlewoman had a James; but the next moment her cheeks were dyed with blushes. "Dear uncle, he has been my friend and companion in servitude, and some do say he is the—"

"Whoever he is, he hath brought me thee, my sweet long-lost niece, and must lie at my house this happy night." So he received James cordially, and put off all inquiries till the morrow. The next morning James told him, of his own accord, he loved Philippa, and was so happy as to have won her affections. He also spoke of his wrongs, and said he was Lord Altham's son, and dispossessed by the uncle, who had kidnapped him; and he should go into Ireland at once, and hoped to punish his uncle, and make Philippa Lady Anglesey. He proved himself in earnest, by starting for Ireland this very day. The parting with Philippa was very tender, and left her almost inconsolable, being their first real separation since they knew each other.

So the wise old lawyer let her have her cry out. Next day he told her what the young man had said.

"Alas!" said she: "he is gone on a wild-goose errand, I fear: and, as for me, I would not give one straw to be Lady Anglesey; to be Mrs. James is heaven enough for me: and, alas! if any ill befall him in that savage Ireland, I shall always think 'twas because I was not by him, as heretofore; and you will have but one more trouble with me—to bury me."

"Niece," said the old man, "craving your pardon, you are pretty far gone."

"Never was woman farther," said she frankly. "I am fair sick with love. My James carries my heart and my life in his bosom, go where he will:" and she leaned her head prettily on his shoulder.

"Hum!" said the lawyer, and dropped that subject, not possessing even its vocabulary.

He waited a reasonable time, and then cross-examined her. "My young mistress," said he, "have you told your sweetheart you have thirteen thousand pounds? and, now I think on't, 'tis nearer fourteen thousand, by reason of your folly in going and getting your own living, instead of spending on't."

"Have I told James? No; not yet. I found out my father's will by that advertisement, and, since he wished it kept secret, I have held that wish sacred."

Mr. Chester told her she had done well. Lord Anglesey had been long in possession; and it was not likely he would be ousted, without a fearful litigation, in which her little fortune might easily be swamped. "No, Philippa," said he, "still go by your father's will, and by my lights, and let us not risk one shilling of your fortune. Your husband can never be a pauper while that remains in *your* hands."

She caught that idea in a moment, and gave her solemn promise.

The first letter from Ireland served to confirm her uncle's wisdom. James wrote to say that he had been to a dozen attorneys, and they all refused to take up his cause against a nobleman so powerful as Lord Anglesey, and who had been years in possession, without a voice raised against his title.

However, a day or two after writing this, James Annesley fell in with a long-headed attorney, called M'Kercher, who listened to his story more thoughtfully than the others, and went so far as to ask him for a list of the people he thought could bear out his statements. Having got this, Mr. M'Kercher found Farrell and Purcell, and, by means of them, one or two more not known to James Annesley; and they established the kidnapping.

Then M'Kercher began to think more seriously of the case. He called on Mr. Annesley at his lodgings, and found him and Matthews taking a friendly glass, and talking the matter over. M'Kercher made three, and said over the said glass, that the kidnapping was certainly a fine point; but it would be worthless without direct evidence to Mr. Annesley's parentage, and money would be required, to ransack the county of Meath for evidence, and for other purposes; for money would certainly be used against them freely.

The warm-hearted Matthews offered a thousand pounds directly, to begin: thereupon M'Kercher's eyes glittered, and he hesitated no longer: all three went out to Mr. Matthews's house that day in Ringsend cars; and next day rode on his own horses to ransack Meath and Wexford for evidence.

They found some little evidence, and M'Kercher secured it: but there were two enemies in the field before them. Death was one, Lord Anglesey the other. This nobleman had got a fortnight's start in rather a curious way. Admiral Vernon anchored off Jamaica a few days. It got wind that he was bringing home the real Lord Anglesey. The *Daily Post* announced it, and the *Gentleman's Magazine* copied, as indeed may be seen in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for February, 1741.

Death, the other antagonist, had been unusually busy since James Annesley crossed over the bar of Dublin. Lady Altham—Dead. Mrs. Avice, to whom she had spoken of a son—Dead. The chaplain who he believed had christened him—Dead. His sponsors, male and female—Dead.

But M'Kercher was not to be baffled: he hunted up the old servants of Dunmaine House, and, from one to another, he began to create that pile of testimony which even now stands on record to prove this obscure man the Napoleon of all Attorneys, living or dead.

He, and James, and Matthews rode hundreds of miles after evidence; till one night Annesley was fired at from the edge of a wood, and two slugs whistled close by his head.

They all spurred away in great alarm.

When they got to the town they were going to, tactful M'Kercher set to work that moment, and printed bills, describing the attempt, offering a thousand pounds reward, and, by subtle insinuation, accused Lord Anglesey of the crime; he got up what we now call a demonstration; showed his handsome client to the public, on a veranda stuck over with bills thus worded:

"THIS IS THE HEIR. COME, LET US KILL HIM; THAT THE INHERITANCE MAY BE OURS."

For all that, he sent Annesley back to England directly. "It is too pretty a suit to be abated by a bullet," said keen M'Kercher.

James Annesley returned to Staines, and found the roses leaving Philippa's cheek. Ere he had been back a week they bloomed again.

M'Kercher circulated his bills in Dublin, with a guarded account of the attempted assassination, just keeping clear of an indictment for libel. One of the bills was sent over to Lord Anglesey by a friend.

That nobleman, at this period, began to lose heart. His estates were large, but encumbered: he had been for years amusing himself with Trigamy; and Trigamy had entailed its expenses. All the ladies had to be dressed as if there was but one Lady Anglesey; and you may see by Miss Gregory's bill that those noble brocades, though cheaper in the end than the trash we call silk, were dear at first. Then the three ladies had children, and one of the three was so ill-bred as to indict my lord, and had to be bought off.

Then he had Charles Annesley and Frank Annesley on his back. Francis Annesley, an English barrister, claimed a large portion of the estates, and filed his bill in England. Charles Annesley had a large claim under Earl James's will, which claim Richard Lord Anglesey had lately compromised for a third, and then, with his usual perfidy, evaded the compromise, whereon Charles obtained a decree with costs, and a sequestration, under the terms of which Charles now received all the Irish rents, and paid himself his share. The Earl, therefore, was in the power of Charles Annesley for his very subsistence.

On the top of all this came James Annesley armed with M'Kercher, and hard cash, of which his Lordship, like many other Irish proprietors, had mighty little, compared with the value of his estates.

Thus attacked on all sides, and influenced probably by some reasons not easy to penetrate so long after the event, he began to falter: and being at his house in Bolton Row, which house the writer of these lines (be it said in passing) occupied for some years, a century later, he sent for his London solicitor, Giffard, and directed him to try and effect a compromise with Jemmy, as he called him.

Giffard was too cautious to commit his client to writing, in a matter so dangerous, but he intimated to M'Kercher that he had something important to say, if M'Kercher would come to London. M'Kercher wrote back very courteously to say he was very busy collecting evidence, but would wait on Mr. Giffard in a fortnight. In anticipation of this conference, Lord Anglesey told Giffard on what terms he would resign his estates, and live in France. He even went so far as to engage a French tutor.

Meantime James Annesley was a guest of Mr. Thomas Chester, and a favored suitor for his niece's hand. The old lawyer liked James, and, at this time, hardly doubted he was the real heir to the late Lord Altham, and he intimated plainly that if Mr. Annesley would allow Philippa's dower, whatever it might be, to be settled on herself, they might marry as soon as they chose, for him.

Young Annesley smiled at this stipulation. "I hope to settle half the counties of Wexford and Meath on her, besides," said he. So one Sunday morning that the lovers were seated in a pew, with their heads over one prayer-book, her dear old tutor delivered certain ephemeral words that seemed to this happy pair to have a strange vitality, compared with the immortal part of the Liturgy. Said he, in a sonorous yet kindly voice, "I publish—the banns—of marriage—between the honorable James Annesley, bachelor, of the parish of Dunmaine in Ireland, and Mistress Joanna Philippa Chester, spinster, of this parish. This is the first time of asking. If any of you know cause or just impediment why these two persons should not be joined together in holy wedlock, ye are now to declare it."

While these words were delivered, Philippa's face was a picture: her eyes lowered, her cheeks mantling with a gentle blush. The words rang strangely in those lovers' ears.

How tight Custom holds civilized men and women, and flies them but with a string: both had led adventurous lives, had been slaves in a distant colony, and this demure lass, with long black lashes lowered, had played a fine caper in boy's clothes. Yet there they must sit at last, over one prayer-book, in Staines Church, and hear their banns cried in one breath with two more couple that had never budged out of Middlesex.

Let the reader now contemplate this pretty picture, and James Annesley's prospects, a rose-colored panorama. In Ireland, his interests pushed by that rarest of all friends, an able and zealous attorney; in London, his arch-enemy losing heart, and preparing to accept an income, and retire from the disputed estates, to Paris. In Staines, his hand in his sweet Philippa's, and holy wedlock, the sacred union of two pure and well-tried hearts, awaiting him in one little fortnight; even that fortnight to be spent in sight of Paradise; and the gate ajar.

Even writers are human; and I feel myself linger here, for it grieves even hardened me to have to plunge again into the misfortunes of the good: but now are my wings of fancy clipped. Hard Fact holds me with remorseless grasp, and I am constrained to show how all this bright picture was shivered in a day, and by the man's own hand.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. THOMAS CHESTER had retired from the law with a comfortable fortune. He was now a bit of a sportsman: rented of Sir John Dolben the right of fishing the Thames for some distance, and of shooting over a part of the

THE WANDERING HEIR.

"They had but just realized that the man was shot, and in the agonies of death, when young Eaglestone was heard to cry across the water, 'My Father! They have murdered him.' Then Redding seized Annesley by the arm, 'Heard you that? They will hang us,' and set off instantly to run; which cowardly and imprudent course Annesley, who was quite unnerved, unhappily imitated, scarcely knowing what he did."—CHAPTER VIII.

Manor; and paid half Sir John's gamekeeper. He was a man that respected the rights of others, and stickled for his own. He did not mind a stray cockney fishing his perch, roach, and gudgeons with the hook, for that was fair sport; but he was bitter against all who poached on his water with nets, for he said, "They rob not me only of my fish, but my fish of their lives; 'tis not sport, 'tis larceny."

Annesley had often heard him say this. One day Annesley came out with his gun to Redding, the gamekeeper, and they were about to go out together shooting water-fowl; this was the only sport to be had, for it was the first of May.

As they were about to start, Redding cast his eyes round and saw one Thomas Eaglestone and his son casting a net from Sylvester's meadow. "There is that old rogue again," said he. "Let us have his net." He set off to run, and Annesley ran after him, to help. Redding came up first, and collared Eaglestone. But he, to save his net, threw it half into the river: then young Eaglestone seized the cord, cut it, and jumped into the river. Annesley snatched at the net, and his gun went off. Old Eaglestone cried, "Villain, you have slain me," and fell, scorched and bleeding, on the ground, and never spoke more. The boy swam away to the other bank, and the smoke of the gun drifting away revealed the man lying in the agonies of death, and Annesley and Redding so stupefied and appalled, that they did not move hand or foot, but gazed with terror at each other, and at their bloody work.

They had but just realized that the man was shot, and in the agonies of death, when young Eaglestone was heard to cry across the water, "My father! They have murdered him."

Then Redding seized Annesley by the arm, "Heard you that? They will hang us," and set off instantly to run; which cowardly and imprudent course Annesley, who was quite unnerved, unhappily imitated, scarcely knowing what he did. They got to Redding's house; and Redding laid his hand on all the money he could, and fled the country: but Annesley would go no farther. He said, "I have slain an innocent man; and let me die for it."

He sat a little while, with his head and his hands all of a heap, and then fell on to the floor in a fainting-fit. There were three women in the house; they raised him, and just then the constables were seen coming with young Eaglestone. What did these wise women do but drag him up stairs, and hide him in a sort of partition between two floors; and there the constables, who had sure information he was in the house, found him without any trouble. This hiding told heavily against him, both then and afterward. In such terrible cases courage is the better part of Discretion.

They found him in a state so deplorable that they set him in a chair in the yard, and sprinkled his face with water; and he was some time before he could command his limbs and walk with them to the justice.

A number of people followed the officers, and when they came upon the bridge, James stopped, and said, "Have I no friends here?"

Then there was a cry of "Ay!" for indeed he was already respected in that part.

"Then," said he, "I do implore you throw

me over the bridge, and end me; for I have slain an innocent man, and shall never more know peace."

The justice sent them to Sir Thomas Reynell, and he heard the evidence, and committed him.

They had five miles to go, and all drank together on the road, and things were said over the liquor that afterward affected the case.

As for James Annesley, he fell now into a dull resignation, and his regret was greater than his fear, except for Philippa. He gave one William Duffell a crown piece to go to Philippa, and beg her not to believe one word she should hear, except from his own lips. "Speak comfortably to her, good William, or this will kill her too:" and then for the first time he began to cry and bemoan himself.

Duffell sped on his errand; but others had been before him.

Remorseless Rumor came open-mouthed to Mr. Chester's house, and told Philippa James Annesley had murdered a man.

She was white as a sheet in a moment, and trembled: but her faith supported her. "'Tis false!" said she. But tongue followed tongue, and, as the vulgar always exaggerate and add, a crop of lies were ingrafted into the little bit of truth; and threats and oaths were said to have preceded the firing of the gun. Even Philippa's faith was giving way under repeated attacks, when Duffell came in with that comfortable message.

She cried out, as if he could hear her, "Believe thee a willful murderer? That I never will. Unfortunate thou always wast. But guilty never." Then she said she would go to him on the instant. "Where is he?"

"IN THE CAGE AT HOUNSLOW."

She was with him in less than an hour; and, with the two pale faces close together, he told her how it had happened. She believed him; she consoled him; she treated it as a simple misfortune, for which he must grieve, but could never be punished, and she left him greatly encouraged. But her words were bolder than her heart, and, when she reached home, the great restraint she had put upon herself for love of him gave way, her body overpowered her great spirit, and she had faintings one after another that laid her low.

Though prostrated herself, this noble girl dictated words of comfort to her unfortunate lover every day, and Thomas Chester carried them.

Mr. Chester exerted himself to bail James Annesley, and appeared likely to succeed, when suddenly one Giffard, a London solicitor, appeared for young Eaglestone, and objected with such ability and weight that Sir Thomas Reynell said he must consider the matter and take advice. Then Mr. Chester saw that Annesley was to be prosecuted vindictively; and he conceived some grave suspicions, and began sadly to fear the final result of this unhappy business.

What I have now to relate will show the reader his suspicions were well founded.

CHAPTER IX.

IT was eleven o'clock, on the 2d of May. The Earl of Anglesey lay in state, receiving visits in bed. On the sheets beside him lay his peruke superbly powdered, and adorned with a Ramilies tie. A servant held a small glass before him, and, while he talked to his visitors, he tinged his cheeks with carmine, and put on his patches, as openly as if these things were essential parts of a toilet.

His conversation was mighty vapid, affected, and lisping, until his courier, Lawler, knocked loudly at the door, and said, "I must speak with my lord on the instant."

"Ask him where he comes from?" said my lord, laying aside his affectation.

The man burst into the room, and answered, "From Staines, where you left me to watch James Annesley; and, my lord, I bring strange news."

"Fling a bottle of scent over him, and leave us in private," said Lord Anglesey.

This was done, and Lawler told him James Annesley had killed a man at Staines, and was now in the cage at Hounslow.

"What fool's tale is this? I can't be so fortunate."

"Nay, my lord, 'tis the truth: but some say 'twas accident, others say 'twas done of malice."

Lord Anglesey's eyes glittered fiendishly: "So say I, and I will prove it, if money can do't."

He gave the man a gold piece, and dismissed him: dressed himself in half an hour instead of two hours as usual, and went at once to his attorney Giffard, told him the good news, and that all thought of a compromise was at an end. "Go down to Staines on the instant," said he, "and tell me can we hang that knave."

Giffard went down, and saw young Eaglestone and others, and reported that John Eaglestone could hang or transport James Annesley.

"Then," said Lord Anglesey, "you must be his lawyer, and I will find the money, if I pawn my diamond ring."

Giffard did not much like the business, but he undertook it, sooner than lose his noble client. He advised Lord Anglesey on no account to appear in the business, or he would prejudice the prosecution, and he himself saw young Eaglestone, and easily moulded him to Lord Anglesey's purpose, by rousing his cupidity, and also his desire of vengeance for his father's slaughter.

Thus the Crown was used as an instrument of private vengeance. Yet who could object? Only the son and his attorney were seen. The ruthless man who bribed the witnesses, and spurred the law, was in the dark.

But they were not to have it all their own way. James had written post-haste to M'Kercher. He handed over the other business to his clerk, Pat Higgins, and came at once to Hounslow; saw the prisoner, found Giffard was in it, whom he knew to be Lord Anglesey's attorney; saw Anglesey behind Giffard, and his very first move in the case was one that had never occurred to Thomas Chester, nor to any other friend of Annesley's, though many were coming about him now. He put Lord Anglesey under a system of espionage as complete and subtle as ever Fouché brought to bear on a man; and he told nobody but Philippa, and bound her to secrecy.

This done, he proceeded to the legitimate defense, and left no stone unturned. But he could never get at the most dangerous witness, young Eaglestone. Giffard kept him too close.

He encountered Giffard once or twice, and always treated him with profound respect; separated him entirely from his client, and charmed him with his good temper and urbanity. "Ah, Sir," said he, "if you knew Mr. Annesley, his goodness, and his misfortunes, you would regret the severity you are compelled to show him."

"I regret it now," said Giffard.

Just before the trial, Philippa, who was all zeal and intelligence, secured a piece of evidence to prove that the boy Eaglestone had not been so confident the gun was fired purposely, until Giffard came on the scene. But, with all her efforts, that was all she could do for her lover now. How different from former times when she was a boy!

She spoke of her helplessness to M'Kercher, with tears in her eyes, and told him it had not been always so.

"Helpless, madam!" said M'Kercher: "by the Hoky, Beauty is never helpless. You have found him a witness, that I'd never have heerd of maybe, and ye can do him a good turn at the trile, if you have the courage to come."

"The courage to come!" cried she. "I have the courage to die for him, or die with him. Of course I will be there, with my hand in his all the time, to show them there's one who knows he is not a murderer."

"Ah, if they'd only let us," said M'Kercher, with a sigh. "But I'll have you on the bench, ony way, an' I'll find some way to let the jury know they'll have to strike at his head through your heart, alanna:" and the warm-hearted sharper was very near crying.

The dreadful day of the trial came at last. Philippa was seated on the right hand of the judge's seat, but on a lower bench. She was dressed, by M'Kercher's advice, in black silk, with a small head-dress of white lace, and no ornament but a diamond cross on her bosom. There she sat in a frame of mind beyond the pen to paint. This was her first court of law; her first trial. The solemnity, the ancient usages, and all the panoply of justice, struck upon her young mind in one blow with the danger of him, whose young life was bound up in hers: and for this reason I shall briefly describe this trial from her point of view; and the reader who has imagination will do well to co-operate with me, by putting himself in her place, as well as in the place of the accused.

First, there was the usual hardened buzz of lawyers, to whom this terrible scene was but an every-day business. Philippa heard with wonder and horror. What! could men chatter when a life, and such a life, was at stake?

Then came in the judge, in ermine and scarlet, and all stood up. Philippa eyed him as a Divinity, on whom her darling's life depended.

Then the prisoners were brought to the bar, Redding having surrendered. Philippa uttered a faint cry, instantly suppressed, and her eye and her lover's met in a gaze that was beyond words.

But here the proceedings were disturbed for a moment, by the entrance of a gorgeous gentleman, in scarlet and gold, powdered peruke, and Ramilies tie, who stalked in and seated himself by the judge. This was Lord Anglesey, come to gloat over the criminal, and keep the witnesses for the prosecution up to the mark. He stared on the public as on so many dogs, and on James Annesley with a bitter sneer. James was all in black velvet, with weepers, as one who mourned the death he had caused.

Silence having been obtained, the prisoners were arraigned, and the indictment charged against James Annesley, laborer, that he, not having God before his eyes, but moved by the instigation of the devil, on the first of May, with force and arms, in and upon one Thomas Eaglestone, feloniously, willfully, and of malice aforethought, did make an assault, and that he, the said James Annesley, with a certain gun, of the value of 5*s.*, being charged with powder and leaden shot, did discharge, and shoot out of the said gun, by force of the gunpowder as aforesaid, and him the said Thomas Eaglestone in and upon the left side of the breast of the said Thomas, did strike and penetrate, giving to him, the said Thomas, on the said side of his said breast, one mortal wound, of the breadth of one inch, and of the depth of four inches, whereof the aforesaid Thomas then and there instantly died.

The indictment then repeated the nature of the act, describing it, in the usual terms, as willful murder, and against the peace of our Lord the King, his Crown, and dignity.

The virulent terms of the indictment, being new to poor Philippa, made her blood run cold; for it seemed to her that the Crown thirsted for his blood, and would not stick at any exaggeration to hang him.

The Clerk of Arraigns now put the usual question, in a loud voice, "How say you, James Annesley, are you guilty of this Felony, or not guilty?"

James Annesley, thus called upon before judge, jury, enemy, and sweetheart, showed unexpected qualities. Though a man of unsteady nerves when hurried, he lacked neither dignity nor courage—give him time—and what little bile he had in his nature was stirred by the sight of the man who had kidnapped him as a child, now hunting him down as a man. Instead of simply pleading not guilty, he objected to the terms of the indictment. "I observe, my Lord," said he to the judge, respectfully but firmly, "that I am indicted as a laborer. This is malicious, and comes from those who are my personal enemies, for the very reason that I claim to be Earl of Anglesey, and a Peer of this realm. However, with this protest, I plead not guilty to this indictment, and will be tried by God and my country. But, in respect of my quality, and to wipe out that impertinence in the indictment, I ask your Lordship of your courtesy to let me be tried within the bar."

"Certainly, Mr. Annesley," said my Lord. But he thought to himself, "I shall have to hang you all the same."

Then both prisoners were allowed to sit within the bar.

Then the jury were sworn, and Sergeant Gupper opened the case in the close dry way of a counsel who feels that the facts can be trusted to do the work. He stated that the Eaglestones were fishing in a meadow that belonged to one Sylvester, and that Annesley and Redding came on to the ground, and first threatened Thomas, with foul language, and then shot him; and, even after that, threatened John; but he escaped across the river, and brought the constables after the prisoners, who, well knowing their guilt, had fled: but Annesley was found hidden in Redding's house, and dragged forth, and afterward offered the boy money not to come against him: but he said, "I will not sell my father's blood."

When this neat outline was delivered with perfect sobriety, every body looked at the prisoners, and Annesley in particular, as dead men. But he maintained a calm, though sad, demeanor, and did not blench.

The Counsel for the Crown called John Eaglestone first. He swore to the preliminary matter, which was, indeed, undisputed, and declared that, while Redding was collaring his father, Annesley threatened the old man's life, with a ruffian-like oath, if he did not give up his net; and then, not waiting for the old man's answer, *shouldered* his gun and shot him dead, and afterward threatened *him* with the butt end of his piece, but he escaped by swimming, and ran instantly for the constables. He swore also to the hiding of Annesley, and his subsequent attempt at bribery.

Philippa, at this stage, felt all the bitterness of death, and could scarcely sit upright.

In cross-examination, John Eaglestone was asked whether he had not given a different account to three persons, Duffin, and Dalton, and Thomas Chester. He looked staggered a moment, but boldly swore he had not.

M'Kercher then showed his teeth. Counsel, carefully instructed by him, drew from the witness that he was now living with one Williams, whom he had not known before this trial, was called his servant, but dined at his table.

Counsel.—"Of course you have seen my Lord Anglesey at Williams's?"

The Court here interrupted, and said the question was improper.

Counsel.—"I bow to your Lordship. But no nobleman who is worthy of the name need fear the truth."

A juryman, however, asked this boy a very pertinent question, whether there was no jostling or struggling for the net between Annesley and him. He said, "No."

Many other witnesses were called for the Crown; but they were all at some distance, and only proved the killing. Fisher, indeed, one of these witnesses, said that he saw Annesley snatch at the net, and then the gun went off.

This rather contradicted Eaglestone, and gratified the juryman aforesaid.

This Fisher, though a witness for the Crown, admitted, under cross-examination, that, within two hours of the event, young Eaglestone had told him he believed the act was not done designedly.

Counsel for the Crown then commented on the evidence, dwelt upon the sanguinary threats that had been proved, and not disproved on cross-examination, and demanded a verdict.

This closed the case for the Crown.

The Court then called on James Annesley in these terms: "Mr. Annesley, you are indicted in a very unhappy case. What have you to say?"

James Annesley then surprised his friends again. He rose like a tower, and spoke as follows: "My Lord, I am quite unable to make a proper defense, having been kidnapped when a child by him who now seeks my life under the disguise of a public prosecutor, and so I lost the education I was entitled to by my birth."

He paused long on these words, and turned his eyes so full on Lord Anglesey, that every soul in Court turned too, and looked at him. A shiver ran through the Court. It was indeed a remarkable combination—a remarkable situation. In fact, considering that the Defendant here was to be the Plaintiff in a great civil suit, if he could save his neck, and that the nobleman who sat by the judge in England, to see him hanged, was to be Defendant in that suit, should this indictment fail, the situation was, perhaps, without a parallel in all Time.

James Annesley resumed: "My Lord, you have heard a true and deplorable accident falsely and maliciously described in this Court, with a view to stopping lawful proceedings in the Court of Exchequer in Ireland. The simple truth is, that neither I nor my most innocent fellow-prisoner were trespassers. He is gamekeeper to the Lord of the manor. It was his duty to seize a poacher's net, and I ran with him to help him. The deceased threw the net half into the river. The boy jumped in, to swim across with it. I stepped to seize one of the ropes that trailed on the ground, and the gun went off, to my great surprise and grief, and killed a poor man, whose name I did not then know, and he never wronged *me*, and I had no malice against him, nor ground of malice.

"My Lord, and gentlemen, mine has been a life of strange misfortunes; but, believe me, whatever your verdict may be, it must always be my greatest grief that I have caused the death of an innocent man."

These words, delivered with great decency and touching resignation, drew tears from many eyes besides Philippa's, and even the judge bowed his head slightly in sober but profound approval of the prisoner's concluding sentence.

Redding, called on for his defense, said that he had seized the net, in discharge of his duty. That, when the man fell, Mr. Annesley did not know he had shot him, and would not believe him till he turned up the flap of the man's coat and found the wound: and then Mr. Annesley showed such grief and concern, that he felt sure it was as pure an accident as ever happened in this world.

The judge then retired for some refreshment, and there was a buzz of conversation, and by the time the judge returned every body in Court understood the relation of the parties: the lovers both in black, and that shameless peer, who would hang the young man in England to stop his lawsuit in Ireland; and the judge sitting in his place, between the Defendant's true lover and his enemy.

THE EVIDENCE FOR THE DEFENSE.

They proved, by documents and evidence, that Sir J. Dolben was Lord of the manor, and Redding his gamekeeper, with full powers to seize nets, etc. Then, by Dalton, who was Philippa's witness, that, on the day of the killing, young Eaglestone had said distinctly he believed it was done undesignedly. Then, by two more respectable witnesses, that he had said the same thing next day.

Then they traced his change of mind to Giffard.

Then they went on, and connected Giffard with Anglesey.

Then they went farther, and proved that Anglesey was constantly with Williams, and that Williams was keeping young Eaglestone *like a gentleman.*

Thereupon Anglesey turned pale as ashes, and fidgeted on his seat, and Philippa, looking like a woman at the jurymen's faces, turned red, and her eyes flashed, for she saw them cast looks of disgust and contempt at him.

Then they brought two medical men of high character, who had probed Eaglestone's wound, and declared the shot had gone not downward but upward, and, indeed, at a considerable angle, and that the blisters at the *back of the body*, caused by the shot, were several inches higher than the wound. This double proof was irresistible: it agreed with Annesley's account and Fisher's, and it destroyed Eaglestone's testimony that the gun had been shouldered.

This closed the Defendant's case.

The judge summed up briefly. He said that the sting of the indictment lay in John Eaglestone's evidence. The other witnesses for the Crown had proved nothing but the killing, which was superfluous, since the prisoners admitted it. That as to Eaglestone's evidence, it was highly damnatory, but unsupported by any

other witness, and contradicted in one vital part of it by the two surgeons; in another respect, viz., as to whether the act was intentional, the same witness was contradicted by himself, and in the worst possible way; for, while the act was fresh in his memory, he had said repeatedly that it was accidental; and it was only when his mind had been worked upon by some person or persons not present at the act, that he had come to say it was intentional. Against Redding there was not the shadow of a case. Against Annesley, the charge of murder had failed; but they must consider whether it was manslaughter, or chance-medley. If they thought the gun went off accidentally, it was chance-medley.

The jury, being invited to retire and consider their verdict, said, through their foreman, there was no need for that, as they had made up their minds long ago, and thereupon brought it in chance-medley, which was, in fact, a verdict of acquittal.

The Court then discharged the prisoners on the spot, and in five minutes Philippa and James were rattling down to Staines in a chaise and four, which M'Kercher, who knew he had made the verdict safe, had provided, and ribboned the horses; he followed in a chaise and pair, with Redding.

James and Philippa sat hand in hand all the way, with hearts almost too full for words; and the church-bells rang for his escape, as they had for hers.

Philippa flung her arms round M'Kercher that night and kissed him, and blessed him so, that the good-hearted sharper shed a tear. He told her all the blood in his heart was at her service; and what he had done for James that day in England was child's-play compared with what he would do for him in Ireland.

He was off to Ireland next day; but he left a sting behind him. Ere he had been gone a month, out came a volume, called "Memoirs of an Unfortunate Young Nobleman," in which, under the thin disguise of "Anglia" for "Anglesey," "Altamont" for "Altham," and so on, a full and interesting account was given of James Annesley's wrongs and Lord Anglesey's vices, including his Trigamy, and other matters not relevant to James Annesley's concerns.

Lord Anglesey, at this time, was in a stupid, sullen state. He had left the Court disappointed, rebuked, and exposed. He stormed at Giffard for his defeat, and quarreled with him, and would only pay half his costs. Whereupon Giffard sued him. Anglesey employed a solicitor. He subjected Giffard to interrogatories. M'Kercher heard of them, and subpœnaed Giffard for the Irish trial. Anglesey, though he swore he would run his sword through M'Kercher at the first opportunity, dared not indict his publisher for the "Memoirs," though libelous. He lay quiet, even when the *Gentleman's Magazine* came out with the whole substance of the book, and made him a by-word throughout the nation.

Nevertheless, this stirred him up an unexpected friend. Charles Annesley wrote to him, and said: "This is a very serious matter. We had better lay aside all differences, and make common cause against this upstart, James Annesley." Lord Anglesey replied that he did not know which way to turn; he had drained himself already in trying to unmask that impostor in Ireland, and hang him in England.

Charles Annesley replied that he would find ten thousand pounds that year, sooner than see the estates and title transferred to this upstart by perjury and lying romances.

Thus encouraged, Lord Anglesey drew largely on Charles Annesley, and went into Ireland, and employed agents of all sorts, and poured out money like water.

His presence and influence were soon marked by a sinister event. Pat Higgins, M'Kercher's clerk, returning to Dublin with valuable notes of evidence, disappeared, together with his papers. M'Kercher, whose own corrupt practices were bloodless, vowed he had been bought by Lord Anglesey's men and sent out of the country. But he was never heard of again, and it is the general opinion in Ireland now that he was made away with by persons in the employ of Anglesey.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

(Continued from No. 836, page 24.)

BREAD-AND-CHEESE AND KISSES.

By B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "GRIF," AND "JOSHUA MARVEL."

PART II.

THEY SAW, UPON ONE OF THE NEAREST PEAKS, A MAN STANDING, WITH SUNSET COLORS ALL AROUND HIM.

WE are in the land of a thousand hills. Height is piled upon height, range upon range. The white crests of the mountains cut sharp lines in the clear cold air, and the few trees that are dotted about stand like sentinels on the watch. On one of the far heights, some trees, standing in a line, look like soldiers that have halted for rest, and the clumps of bush that lie in the valleys and on the sides of the hills are like wearied regiments sleeping.

In dear old England the roses are blooming, and the sun is shining; but here it is night, and snow shadows rest on the mountains and gullies. Among the seemingly interminable ranges ice-peaks glitter like diamond eyes. Round about us where we stand there is but little wood growth; but in the far distance, beyond the eye's reach, are forests of trees, from the branches of which garlands of icicles hang fantastically; and down in the depths the beautiful fern leaves are rimmed with frosted snow. We are in the New World.

Creation might have been but yesterday. Even these white canvas tents, lying in the lap of Night, in the centre of the forest of peaks, do not dispel the illusion. They are clustered in the saddle of a gully almost hidden from sight by jealous upland. But look within, and you will see that the Old World is marching on to the New. Sturdy men, asleep upon canvas beds, are resting from their toil. Some are from old Devon, England's garden land; some from the Cornwall mines; some from the mother-land's fevered cities. Rest, tired workers! Sleep for a little while, strong, brown-bearded men! Over your spirits, as you dream, and sometimes smile, it may be that the eternal light of a new childhood is slowly breaking!

Hark! What cry is this that reaches the ear? Come nearer. A baby's voice! And now we can hear the soft voice of the mother singing her child to sleep with an old familiar nursery rhyme. Dear words! Dear memories! Sweet thread of life! When it snaps, the world is dark, and its tenderness and beauty have departed from our souls. The mother's soft voice is like a rill dancing down a hill in the sun's eye. How sweet it sounds!

What brings these men, women, and children here among the wilds? For answer, take—briefly told—what is not a legend, but veritable New-World history.

Two men, adventurers from the Old World, attracted thence by the news of gold discoveries, traveled into new country in search of an El Dorado which they could keep to themselves until their fortunes were made. They traveled over mountain and plain, and searched here and there, for weeks and months without success, until, almost starving and penniless, they found themselves on the banks of a swiftly flowing river. This river, here wide, here narrow, here confined between rocky precipices, here widening on the plains, presented strange contrasts during the year. In the winter, the mountain snows which fed it came tumbling furiously over the rocks; then its waters rushed madly through the defiles and overflowed the plains. In the summer, peace came to it; the warm sun made it drowsy, and it fell asleep. It curled itself up in its bed, as it were, and left its banks bare and dry. The snow torrents from the mountains brought with them something rarer than snow—gold. The precious metal grew in the mountain rocks, and when the furious water tore it from its home, and carried it to the river, it sank into the river's bed and banks, and enriched every fissure and crevice in its stony bottom. When the two adventurers camped by the river's side it was summer, and the banks were dry. They tried for gold, and found it. In a few hours they unearthed twenty ounces, and they looked at each other with wild eyes. Not a soul was within many miles of them; only the birds and the insects knew their secret. But they could not work without food. Some twenty miles from the scene of their discovery was a sheep-farming station. Thither they walked in the night, so that they might not be observed, and slept during the day. Pleading poverty, they bought at the station a little meat and flour, and walked in the daylight away from the river. But when night fell, they warily retraced their steps, and crept through the dark like thieves, until they came to the precious banks. For weeks and months they worked in secret, and lived like misers, never daring to light a fire, for fear the smoke might be seen; the very wind was their enemy. Their flesh wasted, their faces became haggard, their hair grew tangled and matted, they became hollow-eyed; and when, after many months of suffering, they had amassed as much pure gold as they could carry, they walked painfully and wearily through bush and plain for a hundred and sixty miles, until they came to a city with a few thousand inhabitants, where, skeletons among men, they told their story, and for the first time showed their treasure. Delirium seized the city; men became almost frantic with excitement; and the next day half the inhabitants were making preparations to journey to Tom Tiddler's ground. Surely enough, the river's banks proved a veritable gold mine; and after a time fresh discoveries were made. Came there one day a man, almost dead, from the snow mountains, with lumps of gold in his pockets; but the perils of those regions were great, and men thought twice before they ventured. Life, after all, is more precious than gold. Some adventurers went forth, and never returned to tell their story. Then it was said they were killed by starvation, not by the perils of the weather; or because they had no guns, and tents, and blankets with them. Said some, "Let us take food sufficient for months, and whatever else is necessary." They took more; they took wives, those who had them. Believe me, woman was worth more than her weight in gold. So in the summer they went into Campbell's Ranges, and pitched their tents there. And those they left behind them, wrapped in their eager hunt for gold, forgot them for a time. The town nearest to the Ranges was many miles away; it was composed of a couple of score of tents and huts, and perhaps two hundred persons lived there. Wandered into it, looking about him strangely, wistfully—for Old-World's ways were upon him, and Old-World thoughts were stirring in his mind—a man, tall, blue-eyed, strong. No man is long a stranger in the New World, and this wayfarer talked to one and another, and heard from a butcher the story of the two adventurers working on the river's banks until they were worn to skin and bone.

"But they got gold!" exclaimed the new-comer.

"Almost more than they could carry," was the answer.

The man looked about him restlessly; the eager longing of his soul was for gold, but in him it was no base craving.

"If one could get into the mountains, now," he said, "where the gold comes from!"

Said the butcher,

"Some went, and didn't come back."

"They lie over there?" said the man, looking toward the hills.

"Ay," replied the butcher, "them's Campbell's Ranges. There's a party prospecting there now, I've heard. They'll get gold, sure; but it requires courage."

"Courage!" exclaimed the man, not scornfully and arrogantly, but sweetly and gently. "Who dares not, deserves not. And when a great thing is at stake—! Thank you, mate. Good-day!"

And then he walked in the direction of Campbell's Ranges, stopping to buy a little flour on his way. He could not afford much; his means were very small.

The rough diggers often spoke among themselves of the manner of his first coming to them. They were working in the gullies, which were rich with gold; some were burrowing at the bottom of their mines, some were standing by the windlasses, hauling up the precious dirt. They had been working so from sunrise, and their hearts were light; for the future was as glowing as the bright colors of the sun were when they turned out to work—as glowing as the beautiful colors in the sky were now. It was sunset. The gold-diggers standing in the sun's light, with strong chests partly bared, with strong arms wholly so, were working with a will. Now and then snatches of song burst from their lips; now and then jests and good-humored words were flung from one to the other. The women were busy outside their tents, lighting fires to prepare for supper; three or four children were playing with a goat and a dog; a cat—yes, a cat!—stepped cautiously out of a tent, and gazed solemnly about. And all around them and above them were the grand hills and mountains, stretching for miles on every side. It was a wonderful life amidst wonderful scenes. Close contact with the grandeur of nature and with its sublime influences humanized many of the rough men, and melted them to awe and tenderness. The hills were full of echoes; when the thunder came, the titanic hollows sent the news forth and brought it back again: it was like God's voice speaking with eternal majesty. As the diggers looked up from their work, they saw, upon one of the nearest peaks, a man standing, with sunset colors all around him.

MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD, PURER THAN DIAMONDS, ARE THESE SWEET AND DELICATE WAYS.

THEIR first thought was, "Is he alone? Are there more behind him?" for they were jealous of being overwhelmed by numbers. He looked down upon the busy workers, and with slow and painful steps came across the hills, and down the valley toward them. Pale, patient-looking, foot-sore, ragged, and with deep lines on his face, he stood in the midst of them, a stranger among the hills.

"Are these Campbell's Ranges?" he asked, humbly.

"Yes, mate."

The man who answered him had just emptied a bucket of fresh-dug earth on to a little hillock by the side of his mine. The stranger saw specks of gold among it. There was no envy in the look that came into his eyes. It was like a prayer.

"Where do you come from?" asked the gold-digger.

The stranger mentioned the name of the town.

"Did you come in search of us?"

"I heard that there was a party of men working in Campbell's Ranges, and that there was plenty of gold here; so I came."

"By yourself?"

"By myself. I know no one. I have been but a short time in the colony."

"You have no tent?"

"I had no money to buy one."

He murmured these words in so soft a tone that the gold-digger did not hear them.

"No blankets?"

"For the same reason."

Again he murmured the reply, so that the questioner did not know his destitute condition.

"No pick or shovel?"

The stranger shook his head sadly, and was turning away, when the gold-digger said,

"Well, mate, the place is open to all; but we want to keep ourselves as quiet as possible."

"I shall tell no one."

He turned from the worker, and sat himself upon the ground at a short distance from the human hive, out of hearing. The gold-diggers spoke to one another, and looked at him, but made no advance toward him. The women also raised their heads and cast many a curious glance at the stranger, who sat apart from them. He, on his part, sent many a wistful glance in their direction, and watched the fires and the children playing. Behind the hills sank the sun, and night drained the fiery peaks of every drop of blood. Before the hills grew white the gold-diggers left off work, and, contrary to their usual custom, took their buckets and tools to their tents, and took the ropes from their windlasses. There was a stranger near them.

"He seems decent," said the women.

"You can never tell," replied the men, shaking their heads in doubt.

Now and then they came from their tents to see if the stranger were still there. He had not moved. It was from no want of humanity that they did not call to him, and offer him food and a shelter. How did they know that he did not belong to a party of bush-rangers, whose object was plunder? They let off their fire-arms and reloaded them. But if they had known this man's heart and mind; if they had known that he was penniless, friendless, that his feet were sore, and that he had not tasted food since yesternight; if they had known the trouble of his soul, and the dim hope which kept up his heart and his strength—they would have played the part of good Samaritans without a moment's hesitation. The darker shadows came down upon the valleys, and wrapped the man and his misery from their gaze and comprehension. They could see the faint outline of his form—nothing more. What were his thoughts during this time? "They suspect me; it is natural. If I can keep my strength, I may find gold to-morrow, and then they will sell me food, perhaps. If not—there are women among them. I may be able to touch their hearts." He gazed around and above him—at the solemn hills, at the solemn sky, and thought, "For myself I should be content to die here, and now. But for her—for her! Give me strength, great God—sustain me!" He knelt, and buried his face in his hands; and when the moon rose, as it did soon after, it shone upon his form. A woman, standing at the door of her tent, was the first to see him in his attitude of supplication. She hurried in to her husband, who was nursing a little daughter on his knee.

"David," she said, "that man is praying. There can be no harm in him, and he has no shelter. He may be in want of food."

"Poor man!" said the little daughter.

The father lifted her gently from his knee, and went out without a word. The touch of a hand upon his shoulder roused the stranger, and he looked into David's face.

"What are you doing?" asked David.

"Praying."

"For what?"

"For strength, for comfort. I need both. Turn your face from me! I am breaking down!"

A great sob came from the stranger's heart. David, with averted face, stood steady and silent for full five minutes. Then placed his hand upon the stranger's shoulder and spoke:

"Come with me. I can give you a shelter to-night. My wife sent me to you."

"God bless her!"

"Amen. Come, mate."

The stranger rose, and they walked together to the tent, where the woman and child awaited them. The stranger took off his cap—it was in tatters—and looked at the woman and her child, and stooped and kissed the little girl, who put her hand on his face, and said, pityingly,

"Poor man! Are you hungry?"

"Yes, my child."

That the man and the woman should turn their backs suddenly upon him and make a perfectly unnecessary clatter, and become unnecessarily busy, touched the stranger's sympathetic heart, and the unspoken words were in his mind, "God be thanked! There is much good in the world."

More precious than gold, purer than diamonds, are these sweet and delicate ways.

"Now, David," cried the woman, briskly, "supper's ready."

And David and his wife, notwithstanding that they had made their meal an hour ago, sat down with the stranger, and ate and drank with him. When supper was over David said:

"We'll not talk to-night; you must be tired. You slept out last night, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"And without a blanket, I'll bet!"

"Yes."

"A good night's rest will do you good."

Upon this hint his wife brought some blankets, and gave them to the stranger. She and her husband and child slept in the back part of the small tent, the wall of division being strips of green baize. Before turning in, David said,

"You had best have a look round you in the morning; I can lend you a pick and shovel. My name's David."

"Mine is Saul Fielding."

* * * * * * *

By his patience and gentleness he soon made his way to the hearts of the residents in this small colony. First, the children loved him; the liking of the mothers followed naturally; and within a month every man there was his friend. Love is not hard to win. Try, you who doubt. Try, with gentleness and kindness, and with charitable heart.

* * * * * * *

It is full three months after Saul Fielding's introduction to the small settlement in Campbell's Ranges. Of human beings there are fifty souls, all told. Four women—wives—seven children, and thirty-nine men. Of other living creatures there are at least a dozen dogs (what is your gold field without its dogs?), three goats, wise, as all goats are, in their generation, a large number of poultry (some of them in the shell), and a cat. The shade of Whittington would rejoice if it knew that this cat cost an ounce of gold—and a pinch over.

It is June and winter, and the snow season is in its meridian. The workers are snow-bound; the heights all around them are more than man-deep in snow. But they have no fear. They have made wise preparations for the coming of the enemy, and up to the present time they have escaped hurt. They have wood and provisions to last them for full six months. That they are cut off from the world for a time daunts them not. Their courage is of the Spartan kind. They have been successful far beyond their expectations, and nearly every man there is worth his hundred ounces of gold. Some have more, a few less. Saul has eighty ounces, and he keeps it next to his heart, sewn in his blue serge shirt. David's wife reproved him once for carrying the weight about.

"It is nearly seven pounds weight, Saul Fielding," she said; "it must weigh you down."

"Weigh me down, David's wife!" he replied, with a sweet look in his eyes. "It is a feather's weight. It bears me up! It is not mine; it belongs to the dearest woman in the world. The little bag that contains it contains my salvation!"

David and Saul were mates; they dug and shared, and he lived with the father, mother, and child. The man he called David, the woman David's wife, the child David's daughter. He said to David's wife one day,

"When I go home and join my dear woman, she and I every night of our lives will call down a blessing for David and David's wife, and David's daughter."

He often said things to David's wife that brought tears to her eyes.

"We shall go home, too," said David's wife, "and we shall see her."

"Please God," returned Saul, and whispered, "Come, happy time!"

How tender his heart grew during this time! How he blessed God for His goodness! What beauty he saw in every evidence of the great Creator! He made the rough men better, and often in the evening they would gather round him while he read to them and talked with them. The Sabbath-day, from the time he came among them, was never passed without prayer. And so they had gone on during the summer and the autumn, digging and getting gold, singing songs to the hills while they dug and delved. The men had built stronger huts for the women and children, in anticipation of the winter, and they all lived happily together. Then the snow began to fall. It came light at first, and dropped softly to the ground round about the huts of the small community, as if it were bringing to them a message of love from the clear bright sky. They laughed when they saw it, for it warmed their hearts with visions of the dear old land over the seas. It brought back to them memories of their school-boy days. "After the snow," they said, "the primroses;" and in their fancy they saw the Old Country's sweet flower. The children played with it, and pelted each other with snow-balls, and the men joined in the sport. The goats scampered up the hills in mad delight, and sent snow-sprays in the air with their hoofs. The women looked on lovingly, and the little gully was filled with pleasant mirth, and the echoes laughed after them. At night they clustered round their fires, and raised up pictures for the future. They talked of their gold, not greedily, but gratefully; they blessed the land which gave them its treasures willingly; and in their dreams they dreamed of dear Old England, and of the dear faces at home—the dear old faces which would smile upon them again by-and-by, please God! And while they dreamed, and while their hearts were light, and while within them reigned the peace which came from pleasant thoughts, the soft snow fell and fell. Day after day passed, week after week, and still it fell. After many weeks had thus passed, Saul woke in terror one night. He did not know what had occasioned the fear that was upon him. Was it caused by a dream? He could remember none. He felt as if a spirit's voice had spoken to him. He rose and listened. He heard nothing. Every thing around him was wrapped in peace and silence. Softly he dressed himself, so as not to disturb the sleepers, and went out of the tent. The snow was falling fast. How white and pure were the hills! In the far distance they and the sky seemed one. He took a pole, and feeling his way carefully, walked across the near hills, ankle deep, knee deep, waist deep, breast deep. And yet he had not walked far, not five hundred yards. The terror that was upon him now assumed a tangible shape. He was in a snow prison! Nature held him fast; had built up barriers between him and Jane. Was it destined that he should never get away from these snow-bound hills? Suppose the snow continued to fall for weeks and months! "Jane!" he cried. And the echoes cried, "Jane! Jane!" dying away mournfully. The sound frightened him, and he called no more. Then his reason came back to him. They could keep the snow away from their tents; all they had to do was to shovel it down; all they had to do was to be vigilant. He comforted himself with this thought, and slowly, painfully, retraced his steps to his tent, and crept among his blankets again. As he lay, he heard a moan. How every little sound frightened him! It was but the wind. But the moan grew louder, grew into a shriek, and rushed past the tent, and over the hills, like an angry spirit. And it brought the Snow-Drift with it! But he did not think of that as he lay shivering. He did not know the new danger that threatened him. "God shield you, dear woman!" he murmured, as he fell into a doze. "God bring me to you!"

All night long the wind shrieked and whistled through the tents; the men, tired out with their exertions, did not wake. But the women did, and lay and trembled. David's wife awoke.

"David!" she whispered; but he did not hear her.

"What's the matter, mother?" murmured her daughter.

"Nothing, child, nothing. It's only the wind. Hush! we mustn't wake father. Go to sleep, darling!"

The sun rose late the next morning, and a dim blood-veil was in the sky, which made some of them think that it was night still. The miners found the snow round their huts to be three feet deep. They looked anxious at this.

"We can master the snow," they whispered to one another, "but the snow-drift will master us."

Even as they spoke, the wind, which had lulled, began to moan again, and before they had been working an hour shoveling away the snow, the wind-storm, bringing the snow with it from the heights over which it rushed, blinded them, and drove them into their tents for shelter. They could not hold their feet. "Let us hope it'll not last long," they said; and they took advantage of every lull to work against their enemy, not like men, but like heroes.

"What makes you so downcast, Saul?" asked David; he had not begun to lose heart.

Saul looked in silence at David's wife and David's daughter; they were at the far end of the hut.

"You are not frightened, Saul, surely?" said David.

"Not for myself, David," whispered Saul. "But tell me. What kind of love do you bear for your wife and child?" David's look was sufficient answer. "I have a perfect love for a woman also, David. If she were here, as your wife is with you, I could bear it, and so could she. David, we are beset by a terrible danger. Listen to the wind. I am afraid we may never get out of this."

David's lips quivered, but he shook away the fear.

"We mustn't lose heart, Saul, and we must keep this danger from the wife and little one. There's men's work before us, and we must do it—like men!"

"Trust me, David," said Saul; "my heart beats to the pulse of a willing hand;" and said no more.

The wind-storm continued all the day with such violence that it was impossible for the men to work. As the day advanced, the blood-veil in the sky died away, and when the night came the moon's light shone clear and cruel, bright and pitiless.

Worn out with hard toil and anxiety, Saul Fielding lay down that night and tried to sleep. "I must have strength for to-morrow," he thought. The fierce wind had grown faint, and it moaned now among the hills like a weak child. Saul smiled gladly, and accepted it as a good omen. He hugged his gold close, and vowed that he would not risk another season of such danger. "If I do not get an ounce more," he thought, "I will be content. What I have will be sufficient for the home and for Jane. Jane, dear Jane!" Her name always came to him like a prayer, and with "Jane" on his lips, and "Jane" in his thoughts, he fell asleep and dreamed of her. He dreamed that he and the others had escaped from their snow-prison, and that he was on his way home. Blue waters were beneath him; bright clouds were above him; a fresh breeze was behind him; and the ship dipped into the sea and rose from it, like a light-hearted god. The sailors were singing, and he sang with them as he lent a hand with the ropes. He looked across the sea and saw Jane standing on a far-off shore, with glad face turned toward him. "I am coming, Jane!" he cried, and she smiled, and held out her arms to him. Nearer and nearer he approached to the haven of his hopes; nearer and nearer, until, although they were divided by many miles of water, he could speak to her, and hear her speak. "See!" he cried, and held out his bag of gold. As she raised her eyes with thankfulness to the heavens, David's wife and David's daughter appeared suddenly by his side. "Here are the friends who saved me, Jane," he cried. "David is below, asleep, and his wife is here, knowing your story and mine. She insists upon saying that you are her sister; she is a good woman. The shame of the past is gone." As he said these words, a sudden and terrible wind sprang up; and the dark clouds, rushing down from the heavens, shut Jane from his sight. In a moment every thing was changed. The ship seemed as if it were being torn to pieces; the waters rose; and the cries of the sailors were indistinguishable amidst the roaring of the wind. "My God!" he heard David's wife cry; and at that moment he awoke, and, rising swiftly to his feet, saw a candle alight in the tent, and David's wife standing in her night-dress on his side of the green baize which divided the tent. Her face was white with terror. "My God!" she cried again; "we are lost!" The storm that had arisen in his dream was no fancy. It was raging now among the hills furiously.

"Go into your room," said Saul, hurriedly. "I will be dressed in a minute."

In less than that space of time he was up and dressed, and then David tore the green baize aside.

"Saul," he said, "this is terrible!" And stepping to Saul's side, whispered, "If this continues long, our grave is here."

Saul went to the door of the tent and tried to open it; he could not. The wind had brought with it thousands and thousands of tons of snow from the heights, and they were walled up. Saul felt all round the sides of the tent. The snow was man-high. Only the frail drill of which the tent was made kept it from falling in, and burying them. In an instant Saul comprehended their dread peril.

"The tree!" he cried, as if an inspiration had fallen upon him. "The tree!"

Just outside the tent, between it and the tent next to it, stood a great pine-tree, the only tree among the tents. Many a time had it been suggested to cut down this tree for fire-wood, but David had prevented it. "Wait," he had said, "until we want it; when fire-wood runs short, and we can't get it elsewhere, it will be time enough." So the tree had been saved from the axe, and stood there like a giant, defying the storm. Saul piled up the rough seats and the tables which comprised the furniture of the tent, and, climbing to the top of them, cut a great hole in the roof of the tent. It was daylight above, and the snow was falling fast. Saul saw the noble tree standing fast and firm in the midst of the storm. With a desperate leap he caught a branch, and raised himself above the tent. And when he looked upon the awful scene, upon the cruel white snow in which the tents all around him were imbedded, and nearly buried, his heart throbbed despairingly.

But this was no time for despair. It was the time for action. When he had secured his position in the tree, he stooped over the tent.

"David!" he cried. David's voice answered him.

"This is our only chance," he said, loudly; he spoke slowly and distinctly, so that those within the tent might hear him. "Here we may be able to find safety until the storm abates and the snow subsides. Listen to me, and do exactly as I say. Get some provisions together and some water; and the little brandy that is left. Make them up in a bundle. Tie rope and cord round it, and let me have it. Quickly!"

Before he finished speaking, David's wife was busy attending to his instructions.

"Answer me, Saul," cried David. "What do you see of our mates?"

Saul groaned. "Do not ask me, David! Let us thank God that this tree was left standing."

David climbed on to the table in a few minutes, with the bundle of provisions in his hands. He was lifting it for Saul to take hold of, when the pile upon which he was standing gave way, and he fell heavily to the ground.

At this moment a movement in the tent nearest to the tree arrested Saul's attention. One of the men inside had thought also of the tree, and had adopted Saul's expedient of cutting through the roof of the tent. His head now appeared above the rent. He saw Saul, but he was too far away to reach the tree.

"Give me a hand, mate!" he cried. "Give me a hand, for God's sake!"

"One moment," replied Saul, deeply anxious for the fate of David, for he heard the generous-hearted digger groan, and heard David's wife sobbing. "Keep your hold and stand firm for a little while. You are safe there for a time. There is something here in my own tent I must see to at once." Then he called, "David! David! Are you hurt?"

The voice of David's wife answered him with sobs and cries. "He can't move, Saul! He can't move! Oh, my poor dear David! He has broken his leg, he says, and his back is hurt. What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do?"

But although she asked this question, she—true wife and woman as she was—was attending to the sufferer, not thinking of herself.

"God pity us!" groaned Saul, and raised his hand to the storm. "Pity us! pity us!" he cried.

But the pitiless snow fell, and the soft flakes danced in the air.

Then Saul cried, "David's wife! The child! the child!"

"Let me be, wife," said David; "I am easier now. Pile up those seats again; make them firm. Don't hurry. I can wait. I am in no pain. Lift our little daughter to Saul, and the provisions afterward."

She obeyed him; she piled the seats one above another. Then brought the child to David. He took her in his arms, and kissed her again and again.

"My pet! my darling!" he moaned. "Kiss father, little one!"

And the rough man pressed this link of love to his heart, and kissed her face, her hands, her neck, her lips.

"Now, wife," he said, and resigned their child to her. David's wife stood silent for a few moments with the child in her arms, and murmured a prayer over her, and blessed her, and then, keeping down her awful grief bravely like a brave woman, climbed to the height, and raised her arms to Saul with the child in them. Only her bare arms could be seen above the tent's roof.

"Come, little one," said Saul, and stooping down, at the risk of his life, clutched the child from the mother's arms, and heard the mother's heart-broken sobs.

"Is she safe, Saul?"

"She is safe, dear woman."

Other heads rose from other tents and turned despairingly about. But no help for them was near. They were in their grave.

David's wife raised the provisions to Saul, and went down to her husband.

"Wife," said David, "leave me, and see if you can reach Saul. It will be difficult, but you may be able to manage it."

She looked at him tenderly.

"My place is here, David," she said; "I shall stay with you, and trust to God. Our child is safe, in the care of a good man."

He tried to persuade her, but she shook her head sweetly and sadly, and simply said, "I know my duty." He could say no more, for the next moment he swooned, his pain was so great. Then his wife knelt by him, and raised his head upon her lap.

Meanwhile the man in the next tent who had called to Saul to give him a hand had not been idle. He found a plank, and was raising it to the roof, with the purpose of resting it upon a branch of the tree. As with more than a man's strength he lifted the plank forward, Saul heard a thud beneath him, and looking down, saw that the walls of the tent in which David and his wife were had given way, and that the snow was toppling over. He turned his head; he was powerless to help them. The tears ran down his face and beard, and he waited, awe-struck by the terror of the time. He thought he heard the voice of David's wife cry,

"Good-by, my child! God preserve you!"

In a choking voice he said, solemnly, to David's little daughter,

"Say, God bless you, mother and father!"

The child repeated the words in a whisper, and nestled closer to Saul, and said,

"I'm so cold! Where's mother and father? Why don't they come up?"

Saul, with a shiver, looked down. Nothing of David or of David's wife did he see. The tent was not in sight. The snow had covered it. And still it fell, and still it drifted.

The digger who occupied the next tent had fixed his plank; not a moment was to be lost; his tent was cracking. Creeping along the plank with the nervous strength of desperation, clinging to it like a cat, he reached the tree, and was saved for a time. As he reached it, the plank slipped into the snow. And still it fell, and rose higher and higher. Men signaled to each other from tent to tent, and bade God bless each other, for they felt that, unless the snow-drift and snow-fall should instantly cease, there was no hope for them. But still it fell; fell softly into the holes in the canvas roofs and sides, into the chambers below; crept up to them inch by inch; wrapped yellow gold and mortal flesh in soft shrouds of white, and hid the adventurers from the light of day.

Only three remained. Saul, and David's little daughter, in the uppermost branches of the